A TOO SHORT VACATION

BY

LUCY LANGDON WILLIAMS
AND EMMA V. McLOUGHLIN

WITH FORTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THEIR OWN KODAK

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I.

SANGUINELLE'S buoyant temperament enables her to sail over obstacles as readily as a ship rides the waves. To my hesitating "I'm afraid we

cannot," she opposes her jubilant "I'm confident that we can!"

What to others is an experiment, in embryo, is to her vivid optimism already an established success.

The other day she grew eloquent over the prospect of aerial navigation.

"That it is practicable, Langely's experiments have proved. We are waiting now only for the air-ship to be built, and since aluminum——"

"They'll wait a long time," I interrupted, "before they'll find any one sufficiently foolhardy to take passage in it."

"Not at all," she replied. "I intend to secure my passage—with a return ticket—for its first trip."

As she thus delivered herself, she looked steadily into my eyes and I knew at once that I was to go, too. I made a nerveless resistance. I feebly suggested the wisdom of not getting a return ticket—it is agreeable sometimes to come back by a different route, and—and—"it might not be needed," I blurted out, actually boo-hooing at this melancholy possibility. But it is useless to

struggle against the compelling force of her enthusiasm. The occasional presentiment of that dreadful expedition I am certain to make some day chills me to the marrow.

It did not surprise me, therefore, in the least, to find myself accompanying Sanguinelle again to Europe, although there were some obstacles which challenged prudence as peremptorily as the air-ship does. For instance,—the propriety of two young girls travelling alone.

Sanguinelle received this suggestion with a burst of mirth that disconcerted me, and made me almost suspect that she—but, of course, that couldn't be. When she recovered, she began,—

"No doubt you imply that because you have never attained to matrimony, you——"

"Not *yet*, you mean," I interrupted, stiffly. "But let us drop the subject; it is extremely painful to me."

Sanguinelle was the active member of the concern, the Kodak and myself the

silent partners. While she transacted the business of the company, it was our task to receive impressions. After examining our first contributions, she seemed discouraged in spite of her constitutional buoyancy. She said that mine had to be revised and the Kodak's reversed to get at the truth.

"And I want this to be an absolutely truthful chronicle," she said, looking an admonition at me, and sternly tapping the black box with her fingers.

II.

SHORTLY after getting under way, most of those on board became mere pallid bundles of misery. We, who always enjoy immunity from this humiliating period of transition, exhibited our good health too aggressively, perhaps, as he is apt to do whose stomach behaves itself the first day at sea.

When these human cocoons began to emerge from their wrappings, we distinguished easily, first, The Personage and her Lorgnette. I was very unhappy after this combination made its appearance, and profoundly grateful for the occasions when It had to be carried below again by its maid. I am convinced that the only thing that enables one to stand up bravely before a lorgnette is the possession of another.

Whenever the Personage turned her lorgnette upon us (and we were her chief victims), I tried to assume an expression of serene and haughty indifference, but felt like a poor little worm under a microscope, and usually sought the shelter of a remote corner of the deck behind Sanguinelle.

She *never* wilts.

"Maybe she disapproves of our hoods," I tremulously suggest. Now, a black silk hood edged with black fur sounds æsthetically possible. I knew very early in our journey that it was a tear-compelling failure. I think *one* might have been tolerated, but we had committed a double atrocity.

To propitiate our Personage, I put mine aside and donned the more usual small cap. Relentless! Unappeasable!

One day the decks were slippery, the boat was tossing; the maid was below; the Personage essayed a few steps alone,—she broke her nose.

Then became visible the demure young lady whose mother remains accommo-

datingly ill in her state-room during the voyage, while her daughter carries on a serious flirtation with a German baron, in the result of which we all took a live interest.

The ardor of his sentiments was fast making him "too full for utterance" in his stumbling English, and he tried to help his poor, faltering tongue by frequent reference to a small, red pocket dictionary.

The tender affair came to a sudden end, and every one was conjecturing why. Sanguinelle, strolling in their vicinity, had heard him murmur lovingly, "Ah, Fräulein, you haf sooch a beautiful hide!" We all wondered if that had anything to do with it.

A little Irish girl, returning home from a visit to Fred and Sister Mary in Brooklyn, was our neighbor at the table. I wish that we could have photographed her brogue, "Oi du," and her delightful confidence in our intimate acquaintance with Fred and Mary and all the babies, Onty Lou, Cousin

Helen, Mr. Herbert, and all the rest of them.

She had some fears that she might not be met at the landing by her father. "An' if he do not, now, oi'll be that mahd, oi'll roar an' cry, just."

She imparted to us the following startling proof of heredity:—

"In aich giniration wan of the family meets her fate crossin' the Atlantic.

"Me gran'mother met gran'father on a voyage to America. Onty Lou met Oncle James in the same way, and Fred proposed to me sister Mary after makin' her acquaintance on board wan of the Atlantic steamers."

She told us that the next time we saw her she might be Lady Grace and her father the Airl of G. "But it is not likela, there are so manny in bitwain; but wance there was only wan. And now there are so manny we are tired o' countin'."

Our neighbor to the left, a slender young woman with a mournful, far-away look in her eyes, had interested us from the beginning. We had formed conjectures as to the cause of that pathetic expression. Sanguinelle, who had grown quite enthusiastic over her, said that she looked as if she were "hungering for the infinite." That proved to be just what ailed her, as we discovered at dinner-time, when for one "fashioned so slenderly" her achievements bordered very closely on the marvellous.

The Dyspeptic opposite watched her with curiosity and amazement. He, poor man, was evidently allowed nothing for dinner but boiled rice. When she proceeded to finish a hearty meal with small pastry, plum pudding, ice-cream, *vol au*

vent of pears, nuts, a cup of coffee, and Gorgonzola cheese, he left in disgust for the nearest port-hole. We could easily tell when some unusual performance was going on on our left by his absorbed countenance. Once when a look of horror was followed by his precipitate departure, I turned to detect her in the act of devouring prunes and rice with such avidity that she was obliged to use the fingers of her left hand as a push-piece! You remember the tale of the American girl whose low social grade was determined by the fact that she swallowed her push-piece, so you can easily imagine our relief when we realized that, at the worst, she could only carry hers to her rosy lips.

Towards the end of the voyage he seemed to regard her gastronomic antics with more toleration, and even offered sacrifice in the shape of a glass of champagne, and watched with admiration the disappearance of the delicious fluid down her delicate throat.

The Chaperon was on board with her charges—young and otherwise. She was the embodiment of cut-and-dried conventionalities. How deep one would have to probe to discover the *living woman* under this mass of artificiality and pedantic prudery! I wonder if she ever found *herself* out!

Occasionally she was seized with an artless enthusiasm,—for the benefit of the Dear Girls and effectually to silence her rival,—for there were two of them.

About Wordsworth now, and the English Lakes—

No. 1 (with girlish fervor). I love my Wordsworth always—*always!* But to read him when my soul is drinking in the delicious scenery of the English Lakes is rapture! Dear girls (archly), perhaps I may not be able to tear myself away from that delightful region, and take up our travels anew. *Then* what will you do?

The Dear Girls look meekly apprehensive, and then bend their pretty heads to meditate upon the possibility presented to them. One saucy one, who pinched her neighbor's arm and made a wry face, seemed quite capable of continuing her journey alone, and with great satisfaction to herself.

In the mean time, No. 2, with painful deliberation, was saying:

"It is indeed true,—every one must have experienced it,—we have a nicer—I should say a—ah—more delicate, more—ah—sensitive appreciation of genius when we visit

its home,—where it has—ah—lived and breathed and dreamed. It makes us reverent; it gives to one's thoughts an upward impulse——"

Here the Dear Girls and every one else took an upward impulse at the shout from the deck, "A whale! A whale!"

Sunday we attended divine service,—and, we hope, bolstered up our tottering reputation. A very young man and a venerable negro conducted the service. The former made the sign of the cross before beginning his sermon in a way that would have "knocked Pat spacheless." He seemed ill at ease in the act, and glanced around furtively, as if apprehensive of disapproval. In the evening we were wickedly decoyed into attending another service by the promise of a solo from "A sweet singer of Washington." Instead, we had a discourse from a gentleman whose theory was evidently to divest religion of its gloom. He frequently interspersed his remarks with "Bless God for that!" with

the airy grace of an elephant and a smile on his face like that of the famous Cheshire feline.

Of course there was a concert at the end for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphans' Home, which ought to be a very prosperous institution, if it gets all that is contributed to it. The feature of the evening was a comic song, which seemed to be good enough for the rest of the company. Sanguinelle sat so far back that she did not think it necessary to smile. She says that she assumed an expression of indifference. This is what the Kodak said:

As an example of the effrontery of some people at sea, the following will serve: While sitting in the companion-way, I saw a woman struggling into an ulster that looked strangely like mine. The farther she got into it, the more striking was the resemblance. While my eyes were painfully bulging out of my head with astonishment, she came to me and said, sweetly, "Is this your garment? I wanted to take a little walk on the deck, and one feels as if one were at liberty to take up anything at hand."

I tried to throw polite indifference into my countenance as I assured her that she was welcome to it for a short time. For two hours that woman promenaded the deck in my coat, while I, impatient of waiting, started for a walk, shivering under what Mother calls a miserable "skigwag" of a cape! We passed and repassed each other. I looked at her appealingly; I shivered, and my teeth chattered audibly as she approached. But all in vain.

Finally I said, humbly, while my blue lips trembled as if I had an ague fit,—

"Please, lady, give me my coat."

"Oh, was it from you that I borrowed the ulster?" she replied. "Thanks, awfully."

III.

LATER than we had expected,—a disaster attributed by the officers to American coal and the intense heat of two days, which prevented the fireman from working, —we reached the coast of Ireland.

When we left the tender at Queenstown there was a shower of sarcastic remarks following those who ventured to carry even a small satchel ashore.

"Oh, ye would save yer fee, would ye?" We asked a sturdy dwarf to carry our bag, but he was already loaded up, and, as we were in a hurry to catch the boat, we carried it ourselves into the Custom-House.

"Any wine or spirits?" the officer asked, with a searching look.

"A flask only."

"Or perfumery?"

"No."

"Or ammunition, or firearms?"

"No."

"Or tobacco, or cigars?"

"No."

Then, with the most cursory look, he affixed the yellow stamp which set us free, just too late for the boat that connected with the train at Blackrock. It was almost an hour before the next went, too. If we had not been fearfully hungry, it would not have been unpleasant. Queenstown looked charming with its background of a green hill, somewhat Montreal fashion. There were boat-races going on, and crowds to witness them,—the soldiers with their brilliant scarlet coats, men, women, and children,—all chattering in the richest and broadest brogue that we had ever dreamed of. It was hot and my head ached. Our Irish girl's remedy for overwrought nerves occurred to me, and I sat down to roar and cry. Strange to say, my headache disappeared, my hunger was stilled, the water

was blue, and the people gay. So great was my relief that I have determined to weep now whenever anything goes wrong.

The ride up the river was delightful. We looked at the people with much more curiosity than they regarded us, an unusual state of affairs, which we did not know whether to attribute to the natural politeness of the natives or to our own unobtrusiveness.

Prudentia and I made a mutual confession which rather amused us. It happened as we were steaming into Queenstown harbor, we passed a sailing vessel carrying the American flag. One of the party, the "Bless-God-For-That" man, proposed three cheers, and had hardly gotten the words out before the hearty hurrahs sounded. I had not felt in the least touched at the time, but when Prudentia said,—

"Look, that big man is brushing away the tears from his eyes just at the sight of the flag!" I turned away to hide the quick tears in my own, and it seems that Pru-

dentia did the same, though neither of us can tell why we wept.

Arrived in Cork, I insisted that we should get our lunch away from the hotel, because it would be cheaper. Prudentia said that the coffee might have been better, and so it might, but there were unexplored potentialities in the hotel coffee, as we discovered the next morning. After lunch, warned by passing showers, we pinned up our gowns, donned mackintoshes and rubbers, to search for

> "The sweet bells of Shandon,
> Which sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

By the combined efforts of various women, sturdy and vigorous, robed in knee-high dresses, with long, loose-hooded cloaks,—a baby somewhere in its folds,—and stockingless, often shoeless, feet, we reached Shandon at a quarter of six, just in time to hear the chimes, which are placed in a fantastic steeple looking as if it were built in stories. At its base rests the body

of Father Prout. The church seems to be unknown by its proper name, St. Ann, though everyone brightened when we added "Shandon."

The women of Cork, and the men, too, are really fine-looking, with aquiline noses, bright eyes, and magnificent hair. They looked clean and hearty, and we saw no signs of awful poverty or filth.

Throughout Southern Ireland, however, the thatched cottages are wretched dwellings. In the most squalid, for even this misery has grades, the single room with its mud floor is the living-room of the family, and the "drawing-room" of the pig.

There is a better kind which has a second apartment containing a neat bed, a table with books, some colored prints on the wall, and shelves with a few china cups and saucers thereon.

If you make a visit, these are quickly taken down and spread on a white cloth, the ubiquitous pot of tea is brewed, and you are served with a simple hospitality

which is not marred by vulgar apologies, and which, therefore, indirectly pays you the compliment of supposing that you have sufficient nobility to ignore the very humble condition of your entertainers.

They hope to see the lady's bonny face soon again, and "Johnny, can't ye run out and pick a nosegay for the lady?" For both flowers and children flourish amid all this poverty, in an amazing fashion. Every cottage seemed overflowing with curly-headed, rosy-cheeked youngsters. We saw no instances of the diseases of the skin and eyes which Dr. Wood described.

We drove out to Blarney in a jaunting-car, and were so fortunate as to have a dear, patriotic old Irishman for a driver. His face lighted up when he told us,—

"An' shure, miss, it is the wholesomest country in the wurrld."

Still, we could not get him to say a word about evictions, though we asked him various leading questions suggested by abandoned cottages, the thatch completely

gone, which we fancied might have been torn off by the evicted.

> "There is a stone there
> That whoever kisses,—
> Oh, he never misses
> To grow eloquent."

Blarney Castle is a really magnificent ruin built by the MacCarthys, who seem to be the *élite* of county Cork. The dungeons are not more than five feet square and six high. They are lighted by the merest line of a window, and are much more dreadful than anything that we saw in Germany. We climbed to the very top, and kissed the real Blarney-stone, for, though the guide-book says that there is a second one equally efficacious and more accessible, it was not shown to us, perhaps because since the poor man fell to the ground, head foremost, eighteen months ago, they have put up a grating to prevent accidents, and the process, which does not now necessitate a friend to hold you by

the heels, though not less disagreeable, is safer.

The Dean was buried from the beautiful cathedral of St. Fin Bar, which he had been very active in bringing to completion, the day we left for Bantry. In consequence our train was thronged with clergymen returning from the funeral. The only other person in our compartment was a very old clergyman, with one of his upper false teeth knocked out, in whom we were quite interested at first when he told us that he read our magazines, and named *Harper's*, the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, and *Scribner's;* but he became very tiresome after awhile, and must have been in his dotage, I think, for immediately after making a remark his lips moved until he said something else. Whether he was rehearsing or repeating, we could not make out. He insisted upon giving us an orange, which he bought from a fine-looking old woman at a small station. He had patronized her for twenty-five years, he said. In

the midst of his enthusiastic history, and before he had paid her, the train started, and the guard had to shove him into our unwilling arms, head foremost.

At Bantry we took the coach and drove to Glengariff through a beautiful country. The road follows the windings of Bantry Bay, filled with islands, on one of which (Whiddy) there is a real castle, an O'Sullivan ruin, and an equally picturesque, castle-like tower. The indentations are such that the bay does not seem like an arm of the sea at all, but like a lake, surrounded by rows after rows of mountains. Except for the continual view of the water, the scenery is like, and is not more beautiful than, that of my own Vermont, but the vegetation is infinitely more luxuriant. Even in winter it must be very green, there is so much pine, cedar, yew, laurel, arbutus, and holly. Fuchsia is here almost a tree, and grows wild.

Our honeysuckle, sweet alyssum, garden forget-me-nots, and ice-plant grow

uncultivated everywhere, besides heather and quantities of flowers whose names I do not know. And such roses! A "rose-embowered cottage" is literally true here.

Glengariff means, in Irish, Glengruff,—like our word gruff,—gariff. It is indeed wild, and when the rain falls in torrents on a gray sea, dismal in the extreme; but the air is always balmy. Our companion on the coach, another clergyman whom we first took for a farmer (his wraps covered his clerical coat), named the mountains for us. He was evidently curious about us, and though plainly a gentleman of culture, yet he manifested his interest by leading questions, instead of the furtive looks of the other reverend. When at last he discovered that we were Americans, and that it was not our first trip to Europe, his amazement, though inward, was evident. He thought we might be Cook's tourists, but when we indignantly denied the imputation, he seemed to surmise that we were eccentric heiresses in search

of titled husbands. He recommended us to go to Eccles', not, however, with reference to the design he mentally ascribed to us, but simply as a unique hotel like an English country-house, with old pictures, china, silver, and a fine library, the resort of lords and ladies and of those poor, unmarried, Honorable Misses who, though thirty, seem to have no ideas nor *savoir vivre*.

Although we had not confided our family history to the reverend gentleman, nor mentioned its members to him, he innocently asked,—

"And has your father been over, too?"

"He wanted to come over this year, sir, but business kept him home. Next summer, perhaps, though he cannot take a very long vacation," I answered, with equal innocence, for I could see by his eyes that now we were being put down as extravagant Americans, spending all the money that our indulgent fathers could rake and scrape together.

At Glengariff we saw the funeral of a little child, the son of a peasant. The very small coffin, covered with white, was carried by one of the men, followed by perhaps twenty others, the women and children with shawls over their heads, and long cloaks; the men bearing spades, with which they dug the shallow grave, not more than three feet under ground. Then, laying the little coffin in it and covering it with earth, they silently departed. The Catholic church here is the most poverty-stricken affair imaginable, but, although in a three-mile walk one way and a ten-mile drive another we did not see a dozen houses, yet when twelve o'clock came, the church was packed to overflowing, a large number of men and women kneeling *outside* on the wet sod. Inside, the odor was intolerable, like a stable. We made up our minds that, though the peasants looked clean, it was a cleanliness produced by the sweat of labor. Later, one of the natives told us that it was only the smell of peat,

which they burn in their cottages, and with which they become thoroughly impregnated.

The picture in our text and the Pig Fair on page 39 are two of sixty (she took every defenceless thing within reach) which Prudentia brought back with her after an affecting visit to her relations. In the ardor of her affection for her native soil, she developed a pronounced brogue, and with that rich roll assured me,—

"Oi think it a very nate little chapel, this of Capen Rush. Sure, me own mither was baptized there."

The English church was attended mainly by visitors, soldiers acting as a choir and the plate being passed by policemen.

We drove from Glengariff to Kenmare for dinner, and

thence to Killarney, passing by Muckross, where there is a beautiful abbey and the tombs of the old chieftains, the ubiquitous MacCarthys and O'Donohues, amongst others. There was a neat and tidy inn there, cheap, too; but we had not the moral courage to dismount before the Dowager Lady Allen and MAID, to say nothing of the Hon. Miss Gascoigne Scott, who was also of the party.

It is fourteen miles from Killarney to the Gap of Dunloe. Most of the way we were pursued by men on fine-looking ponies, who wished us to ride on them through the Gap.

"Ye'll niver git betther vally fur yer money, mum. Only two shillings sixpence. The road is very wet, mum, an' toward the cottage, mum, the waather it do just lie in pools."

"If ye say, miss, that ye could 'a gotten along widout, ye shall have all me labor an' wurrk for nathin', miss."

"Four Oirish miles, which be aiqual to

foive an' a half English wans, sur. Won't ye take a pony for the ladies, surr ?"

We remained firm, though we had some inward qualms, for rain had fallen with little intermission ever since we landed, but the path turned out to be very fine. We were followed all the way by girls and women, bare-legged and curly-headed,

holding two bottles; in the one goat's milk, in the other "poteen," and a tumbler under the inevitable shawl. They pretend (for, of course, they would be the last to tell of it, if it were true) that the whiskey

is made in a private still down in the Black Valley, which is no darker than the other valleys, and owes its name to a mistranslation of the Irish for O'Duff's valley. The general opinion seemed to be that it was bought in the village and diluted with water. The nearest approach to the cursing for which they are so famous, if you do not scatter coppers, was,—

"Ye hang on to a ha'penny an' it were siller."

We might have told her that she begged for it as if it were gold. There was plenty of Blarney, though, and a great deal about the darling American ladies who always give so much to the poor. Afterwards we were sorry that we had not given to them more generously. They were no more persistent or numerous than the beggars everywhere else (except Germany, where they are not allowed), and they were a vast deal more amusing.

Lord Brandon's cottage we did not see, though we had to pay a shilling to go in-

side the gate. Probably it was a couple of miles from the gateway. I often wonder if these lords have seen once even the whole of their estates, they seem so enormous and so appallingly troublesome. Lady Kenmare keeps an alleged cottage—a caretaker always there—on the lake, to lunch in when she happens to go a-boating, which, perhaps, is once a leap-year.

"The fact is, and I don't care to own it, they are too beautiful; and as for a man coming from his desk in London and seeing the whole lakes in a single day, he is an ass for his pains. A child doing sums in addition might as well read the multiplication-table and fancy he knew it by heart," said Thackeray.

We rowed through the three lakes, two of them connected by a river five miles in length, to Ross Castle, a fine old ivy-covered ruin, the last stronghold in Ireland to surrender. It is said that O'Donohue, its former lord, returns every seven years to inspect it. When he comes on the wings

of the setting sun, flowers dropping before him, the castle is restored for the night to all its former glory. The boatman shows his footprints in the rocks and his library of books, "all written in the good old Irish tongue." Colleen Bawn's habitation was there, too, and Innisfallen, with its lovely abbey, endeared to us by Moore's poem, to say nothing of its near neighbor, the little Mouse Island, where dwell the seven white mice.

It rained fearfully on the ride home. A scrubby Englishman in knee-breeches nearly burst with rage because Prudentia's umbrella dripped on his bride. It *had* to drip on somebody, so she took it out on the Dowager, who was most beautifully gotten up in a rubber hood. It looked hideous; still we sighed for it and later got one. At any rate it must have been more becoming to *us*, for *we* have no mustaches.

At one of the smallest stations on the road to Dublin we witnessed a strange scene. A large party of peasants came

down, accompanying a strong, white-teethed, handsome girl, who, nevertheless, looked and acted like a maniac. She fell upon the neck of every one in the crowd in the wildest grief; she kissed them; she threw her arms up and shouted. The tears were streaming down their faces, and they kept up a sort of wild chant, which is known as a Caoine (pronounced "keeny"). This weird droning is usually sung over

the corpse at an Irish wake. The guard finally lifted her into the carriage, with her companion, a loutish fellow, and locked the door. We supposed they were prisoners, but she was only going to America.

Further on there were two of the famous "round-towers," one with a conical top, and

the other turreted. Our fellow-traveller who pointed them out to us, and gave us also a York and Lancaster rose (variegated red and white), was a very charming woman. She innocently expected us to share her enthusiasm for her husband and children. She took out her children's letters, written beautifully in French (they are only twelve), told us that she had never left them before, and spoke with bated breath of their learned father. She had chosen to come on the accommodation train, because, since it did not go fast, it must be safer. Do you wonder that, down in the depths of her heart, we fancied that we must be written down "freaks?" She was too polite to say more than,—

"You American ladies are so courageous!"

Prudentia left me at Maryborough to visit her mother's second cousin twice removed,—I did not wish to intrude on that sacred meeting, and went on to Dublin.

After establishing myself at the hotel, which was, after all, very pleasant, and

beautifully situated on a park, with lake, band, shady walks and seats,—like many others sprinkled all over Dublin, I started for St. Patrick's Cathedral, rebuilt by Guinness, the brewer, whose statue

—and he is a fine-looking man—is in the yard, intending to drop a tear on the grave of Swift and Stella, who are buried side by side; but as it was necessary to arouse the sexton, I resolved to delay my emotion—and the shilling—until Prudentia came. Before reaching St. Patrick's I passed Moore's birthplace, a neat, three-story brown brick building, a wine-shop underneath, and Moore's bust, youthfully pink, in a niche above.

And see the house where Moore was born,
Though how could we ere know it?
Or think that it could ever be
The birthplace of a poet?
For nothing that the eye can see,
I'm sure, would ever show it!

But, as the poet says himself,
That sweet scents *will* keep clinging
Around the vase that held the rose,
So memory still is flinging
A glamour o'er the spot from which
Such "melodies" came springing.

JANE CAMPBELL.

Christ Church is a beautiful modernized building, restored by Roe, another brewer.

I rode out to Glassnevin to see O'Connell's monument, an Irish round-tower. In the surrounding moat lies buried his faithful and enthusiastic retainer. "Honest Tom Steele" is all the epitaph says, or needs to say. Not far off is an elaborate monument bearing an inscription, certainly explicit enough,—

"Pray for the soul of ———. He left £20,000 [the figures in gilt] to the charities of his native town."

The Botanic Gardens were fairly near, and though the notice said that none but "respectably-attired" people would be admitted, still, as no one was looking, I ven-

tured to enter. It was very fine,—large and well arranged, the families growing together as much as possible.

Sackville Street is quite magnificent. The Nationalists insist upon calling it something else,—O'Connell, I believe. O'Connell's house is a very aristocratic mansion in a fashionable neighborhood. I cannot help feeling disappointed when the abodes of genius are also, apparently, the abodes of prosperity.

In a mad moment, we paid three pence each for the privilege of mounting to the top of Nelson's Monument for a "foine" view of the city. It was a dark and dismal climb; and the higher we went, the lower our spirits fell. Occasionally, we stopped to still the beating of our hearts, and to ask ourselves, between our gasps, if we had not better give it up and return. But, urged by the desire to get the value of our money, we pushed on to the top heroically. Sanguinelle's heroism, however, ended with that achievement, for

when we stepped out upon the narrow platform on the summit, she nervously clutched my skirts and begged me not to be so rash as to take another step. While I was remonstrating with her, she immediately dropped down on the wet stones at the feet of the great Nelson, and wailed forth that she was afraid to move. For a time it seemed as if our European trip must end right there; but she finally crept to the door, and we began the weary descent. When we found ourselves on the sidewalk again, Sanguinelle was so dazed as actually to condescend to ask to be directed to the 'bus that would take us to Phœnix Park. This was an alarming symptom, and shows the weak condition to which she was reduced, for her usual custom is to select an open spot on which the entire city can have a "foine" view of *her*, open a map of the town six feet by ten, study it for half an hour, make many mysterious gyrations to the four points of the compass, dart convulsively up the

street, only to return with painful haste to her former post of observation. During the solemn process, I stand at a respectful distance, dart obediently when she darts, return in a shamefaced sort of a way when she returns, and glance furtively around to see how many small boys are watching our efforts to get under way. Therefore, I was quite alarmed at her request, which was answered gallantly by an Irish newsboy, who escorted us a few steps and helped us gently on the car. Then he placed an evening paper insinuatingly under Sanguinelle's nose. She firmly declined to purchase it, which convinced me at once that she was rapidly recovering. But even her firmness was not equal to his. The paper remained in its position, and she finally paid a ha'penny for the privilege of lowering it to her knees.

We had time for only a very short visit to Phœnix Park, but it was long enough to satisfy us that it deserved its reputation of being one of the beautiful parks of

Europe. The day was sunny (the *hour*, rather, for we have yet to see one unclouded day), so we took some pictures, one of which illustrates the meaning of Phœnix, —clear water,—for the reflection of the trees was as bright as the real trees above the lake.

We paid a visit to St. Patrick's Cathedral, now gay with flags, once used by Cromwell as a law-court, and by James I. as a stable; and among the various tombs therein, stopped a few minutes by the grave of Dean Swift and Stella. "Cruel anger can no longer break the heart," he wrote for his own epitaph, a sentence that

touched us more than what followed, "Go, traveller, and, if possible, emulate him who was a strenuous vindicator of justice."

In one corner of the great church is St. Patrick's Well, with the waters of which he baptized his converts. The verger unchained the cup, let it down, and, drawing it up full to the brim, we devoutly drank therefrom.

St. Patrick Street is little more than a narrow, dirty lane. It seems to be the chief market for old clothes, which are arranged in piles, either on the narrow sidewalks or in the middle of the road. Alternating with these are fish-stands and vegetable mounds, while the whole street is filled with the sounds of buying, selling, bargaining, the cries of children, and the yelping of dogs.

We had been debating (or, rather, Sanguinelle had not made up the company's mind) whether it would be more advantageous to remain in Dublin another night, or to go on to Holyhead, and thence in the

early morning to Chester. Since the boat reached Holyhead a little after midnight, we naturally felt some concern as to where we should lay our weary heads for the rest of the night. To discover the time of departure of boat and train seemed to be a difficult matter for the clerk at Cook's office, to whom, having lost our Bradshaw, we applied; and after three visits to the office, the question as to whether we would be allowed to remain on board till morning was answered by another clerk, very glibly,—

"Oh, to be sure, miss, you may remain on board till morning. There is no question about that, at all!"

"Well, I have been obliged to come three times to find it out," I replied.

"I wish you had asked me in the first place," responded the ready clerk. So, with our minds at ease on that point, we packed our bag, and, after a parting struggle with the cabman, whom we expected to overwhelm us with thanks for our really

generous fee, and who, on the contrary, demanded more, we stepped on board the "Violet," and immediately hunted up the stewardess, to whom we applied for berths. Thereupon we learned, to our dismay, that the boat returned to Dublin, and that, if we remained on board all night, we would wake up in "Swate ould Oireland" again, and, no doubt, find our irate cabman still swearing at us and clamoring for more. However, we learned that there was an excellent railway-hotel at the terminus; and here, sure enough, we were provided with a delightful bed in a beautiful room, and we were both soon in Murphy's arms (adopted by the Greeks as "Morpheus"). We were to make the 7.45 train to Chester, but although called before seven, we missed it! Now, *I* say that it was Sanguinelle's fault, who will scrub her face in that merciless fashion of hers if all the trains in railroaddom were to be caught; and *she* blames it on the time consumed by me in a private rehearsal of the part of "Eileen

O'Connor," in the costume—or lack of it—of that Irish beauty whom Sanguinelle thinks resembles me. So we glowered at

each other across the breakfast-table until, at the same moment precisely, each seemed to conclude to make the best of it, and our faces assumed a grin that rivalled Eileen's own. Taking a stroll through the town, we were rewarded by coming upon a beautiful

old church, eight hundred years old. Sanguinelle mounted nimbly upon the spiked railing that inclosed it, to get at the proper

height for a picture. It was worth missing the train to carry away such a gem in our Kodak.

IV.

THE ride through Wales was fine,—high, rugged mountains on one side, and the sea on the other. At Conway, the railroad passes right through the middle of a beautiful old castle, of which Hawthorne writes, "Nothing can have ever been so perfect in its own style, and for its own purposes, when it was first built; and nothing else can be so perfect now as a picture of ivy-grown, peaceful ruin."

We reached Chester about noon, taking lunch at a quaint, old-fashioned inn,—but everything here is quaint and old. We walked the whole circuit of the walls, took some views of the old Water Tower, its name dating from the days when the river Dee brought boats to it to be anchored; saw Phœnix Tower, from which Charles I.

watched the defeat of his troops in the Civil War; listened to the singing of some children down in their doorway and wondered at its excellence, due, no doubt, to the almost universal teaching of the Tonic Sol Fa system. They sang in parts, and the second was clear and beautiful. We could see, too, the Roodee, the famous race-course of Chester.

The Cathedral is a magnificent building, but our attempts to see the interior were frustrated by the fact that a service was in progress. We devoutly walked away and inspected "God's Providence" house, so called from the inscription on it; the "Rows," a covered archway to the shops, not more odd than that of Berne, nor as quaint as that of Thun, though more celebrated than either, and other curiosities, including two shillings' worth of ice-

cream which only made us wish our money back again within our purses. Finally, after thus whiling away two hours, we returned to find the service still going on! We

thought that we might steal around the back part, without disturbing anybody, and so get a view of the main body of the church; but the stern-eyed verger saw us, and we meekly took the seat that he indicated to us, taking the opportunity to con-

sult our watch while his back was mercifully turned on us. We discovered that we had ten minutes left in which to get a glimpse of the interior. Perhaps it was our fervent, mental prayers that caused the preacher, at that identical moment, to stop. We took our way towards the main aisle in company with another lot of heathen tourists. When we arrived at the desired point, a verger greeted us with,—

"Has the bahg come around, madam?" immediately following his query by jingling the bag under our eyes. In her embarrassment, Sanguinelle put in a whole penny, then went to the graveyard and had a fit. With strenuous efforts on my part, she recovered sufficiently to look at the dear little devils under the stalls of the beautiful choir. The conductors on the cars were all small boys. The one who collected

our fare on the way to the station was a very business-like little man, fourteen years old, he said, and had been on the road

over a year. We took his picture and gave him a tuppence, to his extreme delight.

V.

THE Company had previously convinced itself that the "Falcon," in Stratford, was the inn that alone could cater to its exclusive and exacting needs, and so we instructed the cab to take us there. A glance at the house showed us darkness and nothing more. However, in response to Cabby's ring, a voice was heard, and in a few minutes we entered the portals. The host showed us into the coffee-room: the gas was lighted, and a pretty girl who appeared was instructed to make ready our room. Sanguinelle sustained the burden of the conversation with the proprietor, while we were waiting, for the long ride and the weary delays had put me very deep in the dumps, indeed; and I was convinced that we had brought up now, at midnight,

at some strange place. This conviction was strengthened when I heard him explaining that,—

"My missus 'as gone on a short vacation for a few weeks. Hi don't know much about the 'ouse. Hi'm not hoften round."

In reply to Sanguinelle's expression of admiration for the flowers that decorated the room,—and indeed, everything was beautifully clean and homelike,—he answered,—

"Hi fahncy that they are very pretty. Hi'm fond of 'osses myself. Hi leave flowers to the ladies."

We had just noticed that there were pictures of race-horses and jockeys on the wall, when the pretty girl announced that the room was ready. Once safely inside, and the door locked, we hastened to confide to each other our fears. We had each surmised that his unhappy wife must have left because of the pretty girl. We made a solemn resolution to leave early the next morning, and reluctantly prepared

for bed. I surveyed the last, with its curtains and canopies, with suspicion, and after a searching examination, seized the candle, and pointed, with a tragic air, to a slight mark on the outside of the spread, which, to my warped judgment, seemed to indicate that other occupants of the bed were in possession. I became all over goose-flesh as my fancy painted how we were shortly to be bled. We both sat down and swallowed our tears heroically, when Sanguinelle proved herself well-named by seizing the candle and declaring our fears without foundation. In proof thereof, she showed my gloomy eyes the fresh crease down the centre! Both made an elaborate show of being satisfied, crept into bed, and—slept. For all our surmises were wrong and all our fears were groundless. It was a delightful inn, as we discovered the next day. Moreover, we had the entire place at our disposal.

"What time do you have dinner?" we asked.

"Dinner shall be ordered for whatever time you fix, miss."

We were the only guests at the inn, but the visitors' book showed a long list of notables who had enjoyed the hospitalities of the Falcon before us. One entry amused us greatly. Surely, only an American child would dare to write,—

"Winifred Blake and parents."

Some one had written, too,—

"Here oft our Shakespeare quaffed a quaff,
Here ofttimes smoked a smoke,
The centre of the merry laugh,
The author of the joke."

Which brought to our notice the painted statue of him in the bar-room, a fac-simile of the one in the church, plus pipe and glass, a not incongruous addition, for, as some one wrote in the church autograph-book,—

"Stranger, to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the poet's curses on Malone,
Whose meddling zeal his barb'rous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone, as he marred his plays."

After a delicious breakfast—and we must particularly speak of the home-made bread and marmalade—we started to walk to the "Shottery," Anne Hathaway's cottage. It was the only sight open to us, in fact, for it was Sunday, and in Great Britain that is a day that may be safely reckoned on to interfere with all the plans of travellers. It was one of Sanguinelle's short distances ("four Oirish miles, miss, which be aiqual to foive English wans"). The light drizzle that was falling soon developed into a steady pour. On we trudged, our feet sinking almost to the ankles in the soft, wet earth, our hearts sinking deeper as we prodded ourselves along with,—

"Brace up, now, Will Shakespeare trod this very path when he was going courting."

Oh, yes, but if his feet were wet he probably sat in the chimney-corner and drank his spiced wine, while Anne dried his shoes by the fire. Now, it was evident that the demure old lady who occupies the cottage to-day, and who enjoys the

distinction of being Anne's Collateral Descendant, proposed to do no such service for us. It is true that she showed us the Hathaway family Bible with its record. One ought to thrill, but with wet feet one is apt to chill. There was a quaint old carved bedstead in an upper room, but the best of all was the old settle in the chimney-place, on which the lovers sat, and which, with an old carved chair on the other side, makes this portion of the room exactly as it is supposed to have been when Shakespeare "paid attention" to Miss Hathaway. We begged permission to take a picture of this end, and asked the Collateral Descendant to sit in the chair to be taken. But the good old lady declared that she could not make up her mind to do it on Sunday, but gave her consent to our taking the room. After the operation, I observed, with alarm, that Sanguinelle made no motion to take out the Company's purse. I communicated with pleading eyes. She hesitatingly drew forth a shilling, and, with inward misgivings,

gave it to the Collateral Descendant. That good old lady took it,—and it was Sunday! We were compelled to walk the whole distance back in pelting rain,—no vehicle to be had in that pious region on Sunday.

We dined with our host, who, at our entreaty, permitted his children to come to the table, and his niece, who was no other than the pretty girl of the night before. Five pretty children thereupon filed into the room, shook hands with us smilingly, and then took their places at the table. Suddenly our host rapped his knuckles sharply on the table and uttered one word,—"Grace."

Five little heads dropped down in a flash, and a chorus of little voices said something that Heaven understood, perhaps, but we did not, and the little mouths were ready for work. We were stunned at this performance; but I, who had to do the polite act for the company on all occasions, managed, with my usual happy tact, to cover my surprise. Sanguinelle's

jaws fell open to such a degree that only after a convulsive effort on her part would they come together, and then with a click that sounded through the room and caused our host anxiously to ask,—

"Roast goose or roast lamb, miss?"

She took goose, and, with the example of those well-behaved children before her, exercised the greatest self-denial in manipulating it. Once only did she grasp the joint with her fingers, when the sharp rap of the master's knuckles caused her to drop it guiltily. It was simply, however, a gentle admonition to one of the children, and was immediately obeyed. I never saw such well-behaved and obedient children. It was "yes, papa," or "if you please, papa." They never asked for anything, but accepted what was placed before them. We expressed our admiration for their admirable training, which caused the father to give us his theory on the subject,—

"You take a young vine hand you cut hit hand train hit, hand hit will go what-

ever way you want hit; but hif you wait till hit grows hup, you cahn't do nothing with hit. A child that does not hobey his a trouble to heverybody, hand a mortification to hits parents."

We felt that our host's ideas were sounder than his English.

In the afternoon we were admitted to the quaint old school where Shakespeare attended as a boy, and in the evening piously went to church, in the hope of seeing his bust and the spot where he is buried, with its famous epitaph. We had, as a sort of preparation for the function, meditated on what we should put in the collection-bag. Sanguinelle generously fixed upon a sixpence, and I, feeling that it was a heretic church, did wickedly hunt up a shining U. S. nickel that looked like silver, and did think that I might contrive to slip it in the "bahg." Now, it turned out to be a plate, and furthermore, we had to start the collection with our miserable little offerings, right under the eye of the rector.

The oldest son of our host is a choir-boy, and his father permitted him to take supper with us, a feast not allowed the others. He is a very clever and interesting child. His attempts to explain to us about the school and the methods pursued there were as good as a play. He often sits where Shakespeare's desk formerly stood, and receives his education there free, on account of his services in the choir. They seem still to use the primitive means of enforcing obedience, for he explained that any boy who failed to obtain a certain standard in his work was called up and compelled to "touch his toes."

The full meaning of this did not dawn upon us at first, until the boy explained that the culprit was caned.

"Oh," exclaimed we, "the master canes him over the back!"

"Not across the back," hesitated our truthful but modest informant, "but across the—a——"

Here he broke down and finished with

blushes. To cover his embarrassment, we asked him if he had ever been made to touch his toes.

"No," he replied. "But I have been very, *very* near it."

From Stratford, we went directly to Warwick, searching first for "Mann's," well known as a cheap and comfortable place for lunch. The outside was sufficiently modest to induce us to enter, for, some way, much plate-glass and fine gilding alarms us. The maiden ladies, who suavely pressed ham-pies upon us,—

"They are home-made, ladies. I am sure that you will find them very nice. They are not like store-pies," did not reassure us in the least, but the eating did. We called for another, and still another, then departed, leaving with the gentle "Misses Mann," as we paid our small bill, the conviction that their efforts in the way of ham-pies had been thoroughly appreciated.

The church where Elizabeth's Dudley

is buried we visited first. His effigy, the hands peacefully and piously folded across his breast, lies beside that of his third wife, Lettice, who has written the tender tablet that marks his resting-place. In the middle stands Robert Beauchamp's tomb, said to be the most beautiful—after Henry VII.'s, of course—in England. At one side is a charming little effigy of the Earl of Leicester's only legitimate child. At Warwick Castle we afterwards saw his tiny suit of armor. A little farther up the street is Leicester Hospital, a fine old half-timber, wagon-road building, like many others still standing in Warwick and Stratford. The next to the oldest inmate took us around. We did not know it, however, until he showed us his particular patch in the garden, which he proudly told us was next to the master's,—

"And twenty-three years it has taken to get there, miss."

We had expected to see the brethren wearing their cloaks and silver buckles, but he explained that they only donned them

for chapel, because there was no money to replace them if they should wear out. He took us up to show us his quarters, and introduced us to his wife.

"That is *my* master, miss."

She giggled delightedly, in spite of her sixty odd, as she told us to,

"Listen to the impudence of him, now."

The cloaks were of thick dark blue broadcloth, with beautiful large silver buckles, the bear and ragged staff for ornamentation, eleven of them the identical ones given by Leicester to the original twelve brethren. The lost one has been replaced. The brethren are chosen from five towns, three of them being Warwick, Stratford, Kenilworth. They must be army men and have their rector's certificate of good moral character. He will not give it to them, either, unless he has known them at least five years. The Hospital contains many relics in the way of swords and guns, but nothing that touched us so much as poor Amy Robsart's half-finished embroidery,

and in particular the one bearing upon it her lord's coat of arms, the bear and ragged staff.

The brethren, or their wives, or some one (if one may believe the evidence of one's nose) now wash clothes in the little alcove out from the large hall where once dined His Most Gracious Majesty Edward VI.

A Warwick vase stands in the grounds, said to have been used by the Egyptians to measure the rise and fall of the Nile. *The* Warwick vase at the castle is a Roman affair, and the elaborate ornamentation is beautifully carried out. The handles, for instance, are parts of the grape-vines which twine around the top. Lady Warwick did not allow us to take in our Kodak, which made us "mahd," for we had to pay a shilling to enter, to say nothing of the tuppence to leave it behind. To add to our wrath, it was one of the few sunny days of our trip. The castle is as magnificently strong and fresh as if it had been built ten years ago, instead of four hundred. The

grass was everywhere like the softest of green velvet carpets, and on it in front of the castle promenaded many beautiful peacocks, who seemed as proud as the servants of the treasures that they guard. The man who had charge inside might have been the earl himself in manners and appearance, but he used his aspirates more promiscuously. Two photographs of Lady Brooke were lying around rather ostentatiously. We failed to see her beauty. There were many fine pictures, buhl tables, Marie Antoinette relics, and the like, but the gem of all, in our eyes, was a charming, childish picture of Henry VIII. One gets surfeited with Holbein's famous portrait of him. It is so coarse and unpleasing,—and then so ubiquitous. Like Guido's Ecce Homo, every gallery has one. I always think of His Majesty's ugly ears when I look on Holbein's picture of him. "If you paint my ears, I'll cut off yours," said this gayly grim monarch. Thereupon, the full face was taken by the artist.

From Warwick we journeyed to Leamington, a mild Saratoga with distinctly bad-tasting water. While waiting for the train, Prudentia asked me the price of the tickets.

"Two shillings," I answered.

Thereupon, a frisky young American, gotten up in a marvellous shawl costume, exclaimed,—

"Two shillings? Why, how much did you pay, mamma?"

"Only one shilling six," responded mamma, with ill-concealed triumph.

I frigidly remarked that there was but one price for railway tickets,—no bargains,—and asked what class they were booked for, an unexpected turning of tables that they did not enjoy. The young lady petulantly asked the mother why she had bought third-class tickets. To which the latter innocently responded,—

"Oh, I really don't know, dear. I just asked for a ticket, and he asked me if I wanted third-class, and I said yes."

"All Americans travel third-class, you know," added the daughter, quite chipper again.

We were disappointed in Kenilworth at first, but as we wandered around the old ruin,—for it is a ruin, though scarcely older

than Warwick,—looking down the wells, finding the places where had been the leather curtains which protected those inside from arrows, Elizabeth's dressing-room, the magnificent banqueting-hall, and, above all, the places that Scott has associated with Amy Robsart, we grew very fond of it.

On our way to the station again, Prudentia condescended to notice the lintel of a cottage-door, the bear and ragged staff carved upon it, and then R. L. underneath, for the Earl of Leicester, of course. I had gone into raptures over it going up, but she had declined even to look at it until relieved of her luggage, her appetite appeased, and her mind at ease about the hotel, for which we had been looking for some time.

We had only a day for Oxford, and came near missing that little, too, for both of us dropped to sleep,—we had the compartment to ourselves,—and only happened to wake up just as we got to Oxford. Pour, *pour*, POUR,—but we heroically wandered down Old High Street, with its magnificent churches and colleges to the very end, where stands Maudlin (spelled Magdalen). The square tower with its six spires, and the beautiful grounds, are lovely enough to make one weep, even when the skies seem determined to perform that duty for one.

"Oh, ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! Your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason."

There were more things, perhaps, to see at Christ's. We heard "Tom" toll, and the chimes of the chapel ring, went to the kitchen and saw Wolsey's gridiron on wheels, and thrilled generally and continuously, as one *must* at Oxford. Just after leaving Christ's, we went to Folly Bridge to see the beautiful University barges and the site of Friar Bacon's famous study, which he is said to have so contrived that if any wiser than he should pass underneath it would fall down. Hence the sarcastic advice to new students,—Beware of Friar Bacon's study.

"When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits ease for fame.
Restless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the contagion of the gown,
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head."

We were dead tired, and made up our minds not to ascend the Radcliffe Camera for the view, but to save our energies and emotions for Charles's death-warrant, Elizabeth's and Edward VI.'s Latin exercises, and the other treasures of the Bodleian. I am always either exactly right or exactly wrong, and this time it must have been the latter, for the first thing that we knew we were on a roof, Magdalen's spire before us. We tried to locate other things that we had seen, but with small success, until it dawned upon our tired minds that we were on top of the Radcliffe, after all. It did not matter, for we had time enough left for the Bodleian and those wonderful treasures which Marat had tried to steal. All over were the quaint notices,—

"Touch what you like with your eyes, but do not see with your hands."

We arrived at the station a half-hour before train-time, so I distributed my boxes and bundles around, stretched out my feet, and prepared to get rested, while Prudentia

raced around to find something to drink (she was always wanting something expensive to eat or drink). All of a sudden I heard a breathless,—

"Sanguinelle, it is the London train!"

I screamed, scooped up my various packages, knocked down several people and an umbrella, which Prudentia stopped to pick up,—nothing ever causes her to lose her urbanity,—and reached the train just in time.

VI.

"A mighty mass of brick and stone and shipping,
Dirty and dusty, but as wide as eye
Could reach. . . . .
A wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head,—and there is London town."

We found at the banker's, in London, a card from Dean Bradley, admitting us to the wax effigies. Through the Islip chapel, whose name is the sole remaining memento of the good abbot, we were ushered into the chamber of the effigies, gorgeous with lace, either very life-like or very corpse-like, as the case might be. Most of them had been carried in the funeral procession, after the custom of exposing the body had become obsolete. Elizabeth was there, as ugly as

my early childish hatred had painted her, and Charles II., with his wicked black eyes and coarse, sensual mouth. A corpse-like Duke of Buckingham lay in the centre of the room. On the other side stood Queen Anne, looking quite handsome, and William, whose very high heels, even, did not make him equal in height to Mary. Lord Nelson's figure, however, was made to draw away the great crowds from St. Paul's, in the crypt of which he was buried. Wellington's tomb is there, too,—a solid piece of porphyry, like Napoleon's,—and his funeral car, made from cannons that he took in battle, his own swords and armor in front. A verger escorted us to the tomb, rattled off his little lesson, and then sent us flying back. We could not get in without his escort, so we made the best of it, but it is very unpleasant to be one of a driven herd. Perhaps for this reason we enjoyed better reading (in uninstructed bliss) the great names and epitaphs on the flooring outside. Reynolds was there, and near him, as he wished to be,

Turner; Lawrence, Landseer, Cruikshank, Opie, Wren, and Samuel Johnson keeping them company.

We went to the Whispering Gallery, too, and were as delighted and amazed at the wonderful echo, as if we had not heard of it all our lives, and had not disdained to listen to it before. Then we ascended to the Stone Gallery, and, the day being clear,—for London,—there was a fine view. After all, I am glad that we did not go before, it is such a delight to see and recognize the now familiar buildings: Newgate, fallen from its high estate and only a temporary prison; the square tower of St. Sepulchre, where the criminals used to hear their ante-funeral sermon and receive a nosegay on the way to the gallows,—where Roger Ascham lies buried, and our own John Smith. Only the first line of his epitaph could we make out, perhaps because that was the only line that we knew,—"Here lies one conquered, who hath conquered kings." Near by, stands Christ Hospital, whose pupils still wear the

yellow stockings and long blue gowns made famous by such wearers as Coleridge, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt. Beyond it stands Charterhouse, but it is not of Addison and Steele that we think, but of Thackeray and dear old Colonel Newcome. Farther to the east is Guildhall, with its pigeons and its fascinating museum; then the Little Old Lady of Threadneedle Street and her handsome neighbors. Nearer us is the beautiful steeple of St. Mary le Bow. The Monument with its golden flame, and the iron cage below to prevent suicides, is visible, but we look in vain for the Tower, though the Thames shipping and bridges we could see for a long distance.

We came to London determined to go to the Temple, but nowhere else unless we longed for it. We had already done our duty to the sights, from the Crystal Palace and Madame Tussaud's to the National Gallery and the British Museum. The Memorial to the old Temple Bar, which we chanced to see, did not encourage us much.

Statues of the Queen and the Prince of Wales may be all very well in their way, but they are too much of an anti-climax when one's soul is attuned to gory heads of traitors, resting on blood-rusted iron spikes.

The place was full of lawyers, full-blown and budding, coming and going; but when we entered the church we forget the Law Court. We forgot, even, that earlier time when the Round Church had been a meeting-place for lawyer and client, and remembered only the knights. The tiles of the floor bore the Templar design of the Agnus Dei in blue and white, but the crowning glory of the church is the seven beautiful statues of knights in full armor. One of them is said to be Henry III.'s Earl of Pembroke, and another, one of the Magna Charta barons.

We did not go to Goldsmith's grave, because we did not know that he was buried in the Temple until later, but we visited the gardens. The Duke of Suffolk

would not have found it now a "more convenient place," for, though it is still beautifully kept, new buildings have made it smaller. Once the Thames was its boundary, but now the Victoria Embankment, rescued from the waters, comes in between.

At the Royal Academy was the famous St. Elizabeth. The faces of the monks, looking beyond, not at, the lovely, naked form of the saint, have a wonderful expression of earnestness and holiness. It may be that the story is not true,—when did we begin to demand historical accuracy in the pictures of the saints?—but the painting is certainly very fine, and far from immodest.

Just as we were leaving Hyde Park, after watching the *grande monde* on horseback and in carriages, we noticed a large crowd, which we soon discovered was to watch the Queen drive from Buckingham to the station for Windsor. We waited patiently for an hour or more. Prudentia *won't* sit on the curb-stone,—she draws the line there,—so we were fearfully tired; but at

last horsemen, gorgeous in red and gold, appeared, after many preliminary clearings; then a carriage with two fat old women, Marie of Teck and the Queen, followed by a carriage full of ladies-in-waiting. We had a splendid view of her, and were quite excited enough to cheer, but the crowd uttered not a sound.

The streets were all beautifully decorated, —in our honor, we of course supposed,

but it turned out to be for the German Emperor's procession to Guildhall. So we made the best of it, and got seats at St. Clement's le Dane, Dr. Johnson's old church, to see it. As a parade it was not much. The carriages were few and far between, with two horses instead of the four that we had paid our money to see. Moreover, the stupid Londoners around us seemed to know no more about the notables than we. We had good views of the Prince and Princess of Wales, both of whom were cordially received, and responded graciously to the cheers,—so, likewise, did Marie of Teck, who seems to be very popular. The Empress was gracious, too, but the Emperor was plainly bored. We had a much better view of them both, and a more pleasant impression of him, the day that we left for Canterbury, when we hung around Buckingham to see them drive out,—and were rewarded.

The streets were filled with a very good-natured crowd, ready to hurrah for any-

thing, from royalty to the mail-wagons, the only vehicles allowed to pass for hours before the procession. Many of the women wandering about the streets wore plush hats covered with bedraggled feathers, though it was July. Afterwards we heard that it was the badge of the street-walker.

In the evening we went to see charming Ellen Terry as "Nance Oldfield," and Irving in the "Corsican Brothers," a fine play, though high-strung and melodramatic for these unromantic days. It goes without saying that it was magnificently mounted. We sat in the—(let me whisper it in your good ear, my dear)—in the pit! It corresponds in position with our parquet circle. Prudentia had staked a small sum on the assertion that only men and peanuts were admitted to this part of the house. She lost, of course. The occupants of the pit seemed to be well-to-do people (after all, it is sixty-two cents for a seat) of the small shop-keeping class. The rest of the house was in evening dress.

Next day we went to Richmond.

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays."

I almost hesitate to mention another of the famous charms of Richmond, which we searched for with more enthusiasm than we afterwards thought that the occasion warranted,—maids of honor, a small cake of precisely the same flavor as our lady-locks. We drove, after lunch, over Strawberry Hill, past Pope's villa,—a gingerbread affair,—Twickenham Ferry, Cunard's magnificent residence, and the fine old trees of Bushey Park. Hampton Court disappointed us. It is a large, rambling brick building, but the grounds are fine and the pictures are good, though a doubtless laudable effort to make them seem better, by attributing them to more distinguished painters than the facts of the case warrant, made it troublesome to find them in our correct catalogue.

In spite of a penny already thrown away on the mammoth grape-vine, I proposed entering the Maze. Prudentia suggested that we might lose the way and wear ourselves out, but I insisted that that was impossible, since the directions in Baedeker were plain enough. As we entered, however, the guard told us something else, and we foolishly did as he said. In consequence, we wandered around the wretched place for hours, unable to get either in or out, although it could not have measured more than a quarter of an acre in area. When, finally, we did succed in extricating ourselves, we hastened to Kew Gardens and lingered there just long enough to miss the last boat. We chose to go home by the 'bus, thinking to see the insides of the little villages that look so charming from the river. We did, too, but there was nothing to see but a dreary stretch of houses,—London, the poor, Philistine side of it, continuously, though called by different names.

On Sunday, Prudentia piously went to church, and I with equal piety went to see about registering our luggage to Paris. My own private opinion is that we both

wasted our 'bus fares and time. At least, I was shoo'd out of the station, and told that the luggage office was not open for such unnecessaries on Sunday. Later, we walked into Hyde Park, being still a-hunger

for the sight of greatness, but no one remarkable — except ourselves — was there. And we were chiefly noticeable for a general unwashed and trampy air, which the middle and lower classes have not yet attained.

On our way to the train, we saw a great crowd in front of Buckingham Palace. Of course, we immediately smelt royalty, and alighted to wait with the other fools for several hours to see the Emperor and Empress go a-riding. Happily for us, the excited people in front stepped beyond the curbstone and were driven back by the dignified police, leaving us in the front row, just as the royal pair drove out. He looked much handsomer, and, though still glum, responded more cordially to the cheers with which he was greeted. The Empress was, as ever, gracious. She expressed herself as very much pleased with Prudentia's nose and my sensible mode of dress. Which reminds me, they have not mamma's size of Jaeger's over here, nor my length of leg,

so that, unless I get them in Germany, we shall both have to do without.

It is my turn to take up the tale, and I begin by entering a protest against the introduction in this narrative of matters of such an intimate personal character as "mamma's underwear." I had hoped to use these pages, as Sanguinelle does, by sending them home to an eager and expectant family. Now they can hardly be blamed if they refuse to be comforted by any such record as the foregoing, to say nothing of the mortification that it would cause both Sanguinelle and her mamma to have their heroic but appalling resolution to do without underwear made public.

We reached Canterbury about eleven o'clock in the evening. The business manager of the company had discovered that all the hotels were dear,—that is, high-priced—the *cheap* ones are those inshrined as dear in the books of the concern,—and that therefore we might as well go at once to the best. The silent partner assented,—

silently, of course, as became such a member, but with much internal satisfaction. The room was so delightful that I wanted to go down and beg them to take a shilling more, but with marvellous penetration they anticipated our request, and added the shilling without solicitation.

We had made our customary resolution before going to bed, to get up early in the morning, and fulfilled it in the same solemn manner by getting under way for sight-seeing about ten o'clock. At any rate, it was but a few minutes before that hour that we reached the Cathedral, for we were just in time for the morning service, in which we were politely invited to take part, being told that the interesting portions could not be shown until after its conclusion. Now, if one is booked for the 11.30 train, and had made a Spartan resolution to see the chief sights of the place before leaving, one is not in a sufficiently meditative and introspective state of mind for divine service. Indeed, the proposition had the effect of ruffling my

very even temper, and, not to put too fine a point on it, of making me quite "mahd." So it was rather a cheerless walk that we took on leaving the Cathedral, in the direction of St. Martin's, which is supposed to be the oldest church in England. The *direction* is such an easy thing to take, if all obstacles in the way could be levelled. Sanguinelle does her best to level them, I admit, for with her head buried in a book she goes bravely on, until she brings up with violence against a stone wall or a ten-story house. Fortunately, in Canterbury they have old-fashioned low houses, and so we finally reached St. Martin's. It is a very small, picturesque old church, and contains two interesting relics: the font in which St. Augustine baptized Ethelbert, and the sarcophagus of Queen Bertha, which was opened some years ago and found to contain only dust. So it is thought that it must have been opened before and robbed. We reached the Cathedral just in time to join another party

on the same train intent, and were allowed to pass by what we did not care to see, and give our time to what we were really interested in. It would not be easy to give an idea of the magnificence of the building and the beauty of its wonderful old stained glass. We "thrilled" chiefly over the tomb of the Black Prince, with the armor that he wore at the battle of Crecy. Among the other tombs were those of Henry IV., Stephen Langton, and the great monument erected by Margaret Holland to the memory of her two husbands,—the first a brother to Henry IV., and the other his second son. The lady herself lies in the middle, while the two husbands rest contentedly on either side.

We were shown the site of the house of Thomas à Becket, and walked through the cloisters that he threaded the day that he sought refuge in the church from his murderers, and we stood on the very spot on which he was slain in 1170. His relics reposed in a magnificent shrine in the choir,

and were visited by numberless pilgrims, who have left the marks of their devotion in the deep hollows which their knees have worn in the marble steps. The shrine itself was destroyed by the order of Henry VIII., and only a fragment of the mosaic pavement remains to tell of its glory.

In the crypt, one of the most magnificent in England, Elizabeth allowed the Protestant exiles from Flanders to set up their silk-looms, and their descendants still use one of the side aisles as a place of worship.

Old St. Dunstan's is near the ancient gateway of the Roper mansion (Margaret More's Ropers), now a part of a brewery. In the Roper vault rests the head of Sir Thomas More, carried there by his loving daughter. Strange to say, it was forgotten, and when recently found caused some discussion until its identity was finally settled.

Mercery Lane reminds one of the ill-wind proverb. It is the street leading to the Cathedral, so called from the many merchants who used to expose their wares

there to tempt the pilgrims. At its other end stood, formerly, Chaucer's Checquers Inn.

The fear that we might lose the train made Sanguinelle an easy prey to the blandishments of a cabman. Well, not exactly an easy prey,—he proposed to take us to the station for two shillings, and she offered him one. He mournfully fell to one and a half, but we declared that we would walk. We reckoned that it would touch his heart to see us starting, so we began to play upon his feelings by taking some steps forward, and then looking back to observe the effect. But our time was too short to melt his adamantine heart, and so we were obliged to return meekly and pay the price that he demanded.

VII.

OUR abiding-place in Paris on the occasion of our first visit was the Avenue d'Iena, one of the numerous avenues that radiate from the Place d'Etoile. It was a great distance from all places of interest, and our movements each day hung upon the question, "Can we get back in time for dinner?" This anxiety tended to chill our enthusiasm at the most sacred moments. It is hard to be rudely awakened from the contemplation of the Venus de Milo by the threat of cold soup, or, while thrilling with awe at the sarcophagus of the great Napoleon, to hear in your ear a reproachful voice, saying, "You like roast duck, don't you? Well, you won't get any if you stay here much longer."

So we determined to have a room in the

very centre of the great city, and to get dinner when and where we found convenient. We desired particularly to be near the Louvre, so that we could spend a short time there every morning, and thus take it by degrees. To pass hours in a picture-gallery fatigues the brain and leaves you with a confused and weary sense, as if you had been waltzing all evening without reversing.

We found what we wanted at the Hôtel Sainte-Marie, on the Rue de Rivoli, one square from the Louvre. It is true that it was on the "quatrième étage," to which add the "rez de chaussé" and the "entresol," and you have in plain English,—"Sixth story and no elevator." But we travelled up and down but once each day, in the evening to bed, and in the morning to the street. Moreover, when the height was reached we entered a charming room, nicely furnished, with its casement doors opening upon a veranda overhanging the Rue de Rivoli, from which we could see

the splendid street stretching for miles, with its innumerable lights and its surging crowds of human beings, and hear, till far into the night, the roll of myriads of cabs over its smooth asphalt.

We had our coffee or chocolate and the delicious French bread that they serve with it every morning in our room.

No doubt the Parisian who can escape from the city on the fourteenth of July and find a cool and quiet refuge in some suburb does so. But to a stranger who sees Paris under that aspect for the first time, the sight is something to be remembered.

We had read the announcements in the papers of free performances at the theatres and at the Grand Opera-House. At the latter was to be given "William Tell," and at the end of the second act the "Marseillaise" was to be sung by the tenor, Melchisédic, and a large chorus. Sanguinelle said that she would like to go. She thought it would be an excellent opportunity for critical observation of the masses.

I thought it would be a good test of our glibness with colloquial French. Then we smiled and confided to each other that, after all, it was only human nature to like to go to the theatre free.

The next morning we started out, hoping that the holiday would not hinder us, during the morning hours, from getting our mail from the bankers. As we passed the Opera-House, at ten o'clock, the people were already waiting in groups of about fifty, although the hour fixed for the opening of the doors was half-past one. We learned from the papers, later, that some had begun to assemble as early as four o'clock in the morning. On our return from the banker's, the number of groups had increased and was still growing. They were intelligent-looking, orderly crowds. After a group was complete, no one was allowed to join it. Occasionally some one would saunter up and, imagining he had escaped the eye of the guard, try to lose himself in the group. But invariably

he would be discovered, touched politely on the shoulder, and invited to go further down and join the last group forming. He invariably obeyed, smilingly. There was no such jostling or pushing as has been experienced at the Academy of Music on a Patti night, for example.

We hesitated for some time, fearing chiefly that they might resent our coming as strangers, taking part in a feast that was not spread for us. Finally we took courage and joined the last group. We were at once taken to their arms,—metaphorically, be it understood. They knew we were foreigners, and judged us to be English, from our costumes, no doubt. Of course, our conversation would not betray us! When they discovered that we were Americans we had simply in that group forty-eight devoted admirers. They found out the soft spots in the wall for us to lean against. When Sanguinelle agilely raised herself to a broad window-seat a short distance from the ground, they approved in a

most voluble way, and a broad shoulder was at once placed at my disposal to lift me up to the same comfortable perch.

Venders of all sorts of refreshments passed along, and strange cries assaulted our ears. "Menthe! Menthe!" shrieked an old woman, almost angrily. We tried to appease her by investing in some, and, before we had taken it from its wrappings, our noses recognized the mint of our childhood. "Limonade ou vin" was distributed impartially from vessels suspended on the right and left side of the vender on a wooden bar which crossed his shoulders. Sanguinelle took a glass of limonade on the recommendation of our neighbors, and said to me afterwards, with a ghastly smile,—

"Talk about the heroism of your Spartan boy, with something gnawing at his vitals,—I am suffering agony from that dose of varnish, and yet I must smile."

I begged her to howl if it would relieve her, and assured her that all who were observing her would find it more endurable

than her smiles. But she feared the people might think she was pretending that she had an aristocratic stomach, and so she remained a smiling martyr to republican prejudices.

Finally the doors were opened, and each group advanced in turn to the main entrance, preceded by a line of six gendarmes. We felt like persons of distinguished consideration, escorted to the opera in this official way.

After our admittance, we found ourselves in the vast corridors of the Opera-House, but we could not get into the boxes. It did not take long to discover that a small coin dropped in the hand of the box-opener was the proper thing to do. Twenty centimes thus expended admitted us both into a box facing the stage, giving a magnificent view of the house. The opera was finely given; the singing of the Marseillaise a revelation. The stage at this point was beautifully set, and decorated with the tricolor. The chorus likewise wore the tri-

color on their white dresses. The tenor wore the uniform of a French soldier. At the conclusion of the hymn the whole house rose and shouted with the wild enthusiasm that only a French audience on such an occasion can command.

In the evening the city seemed as if it had been suddenly transported to the land of the midnight sun. Light everywhere. In every open space the people were dancing to the music of bands furnished by the municipality. The city took on the appearance of one vast ball-room. We walked the length of the brilliant Champs-Elysées, and were near the Arc de Triomphe before we began to feel fatigued or thought of returning. Then we made an awful discovery. After a certain hour on the evening of the Fourteenth, all vehicles were forbidden to run, and the streets were given completely over to the people. After the fatigue of the day, to walk back! My knees struck work promptly, refusing to support me, much less help to propel me, and I sank, a limp

and nerveless mass, upon a bench, and began feebly to calculate the perils of spending the night there. Sanguinelle was very kind, and did her best to comfort me. She said,—

"I never saw any one like you: you let your imagination take such a hold on you! You are always more tired, and more sick, and more hot, and more cold than anybody else."

Then she quoted, "One step and then another, and the longest walk is ended." The last words of this touching sentiment were lost to me. I was miles ahead and in my first sweet sleep by the time she reached home.

In this and all subsequent walks in Paris we never had an unpleasant experience. No one stared at us rudely, no one spoke to us, no one followed us. I mention this because of the indignant complaints I have heard uttered by ladies who, as Sanguinelle naïvely remarked, were "much plainer than we."

"Do you remember Nellie S., that thin girl with pale hair, and a slight cast in her eye, who was in Paris two years ago with her sister? Why, she had to leave the car one morning, she told me, because every man put his paper on his knee and stared at her."

"Yes," said Sanguinelle, "and there was Mary B., who stayed here some time studying art. She was quite plain and nearly forty years old, and she was obliged always to go in a cab, accompanied by her aunt, an old lady who died shortly from the physical exertion and mental care which this vigilance necessitated."

These memories made us sad and uncomfortable. We suddenly found that we had developed a serious grievance. Why were we left alone so emphatically? Why were no admiring glances cast at us? We did not want them, understand. Oh, not at all! Only, in view of the testimony of others, we could not but feel their absence strange —"*and* unaccountable." We consolingly

assured each other, after a careful scrutiny in the glass,—

"Perhaps our gowns are not sufficiently *fin-de-siècle*," I suggested. "I think that I shall decide to take the costume that I was looking at in the Bon Marché."

Where the narrow Rue du Bac crosses the Rue de Sèvres, stands the woman's paradise, the Bon Marché. We had fallen victims to its fascinations some time before.

To-day, I was to try on my new gown. The saleswoman stood waiting with the skirt on her arm. I began to loose the fastenings of my old one, when a horrible remembrance of what was underneath arrested my fingers. How could I step out before that French girl in all the baldness of a divided skirt? I sidled back of Sanguinelle and tried to gain time by all sorts of devices, while the girl regarded my antics with amazement. I hoped to be able to accomplish some sort of lightning change in a moment when her eyes would not be fixed on me. But her eye was fixed on me *every* moment. She was evidently prepared, in case I should prove violently insane, to call for help. So with one reckless movement I let my skirt fall, and covered my face with my hands, but she clapped hers together and exclaimed,—

"Le pantalon!"

Back of magnificent Notre Dame is the Morgue. The two are knit together in our memories by the following incident, which

we witnessed. We had entered the Cathedral and had spent some time admiring the old stained glass in the beautiful rose window over the portal. The silence of the vast place took possession of us. We seated ourselves in a dim corner, and watched unconsciously the few worshippers, some of whom were going the rounds of the stations; others were mechanically passing the beads of a rosary through their fingers, while their lips muttered inaudibly, and their eyes followed the movements of the passers-by. In a side chapel near by, were votive candles burning before a shrine, and here we saw the figure of a woman,—young, as the light from the candle on her occasionally upturned face showed us,—seemingly convulsed with grief, and praying with a fervor and agony strangely in contrast with the mechanical devotion that we had observed in others. We instinctively turned away, and, outside, conjectured what could be the sorrow that oppressed her. Still talking of her, we came upon an excited

and voluble crowd. We were in front of the Morgue, and a new "case" had just been exposed. The place had always a morbid fascination for us, and we went in with the rest to look. The bodies are placed in a slanting position behind a glass partition, and a small stream of water falls unceasingly on each one. Near the body are hung the clothes taken from it, to help in identification.

The new case was a young man, whose fairly handsome face was marred by a great purple bruise on the left temple. His eyes were partly open, giving to the dead face the awful semblance of a leer, which was accentuated by the cruel-looking teeth, showing through the parted lips. As we turned to go, a movement of the crowd momentarily arrested us, wedged us in, and brought us to a stand-still. Suddenly we heard a woman's cry,—not a shriek,—an agonized wail,—

"Mon Dieu! c'est lui! Il est mort!" and she sank down insensible. As they carried

her out, we recognized the woman in the Cathedral. This, then, was the end of her prayers! Her votive candle had hardly time rightly to set up its little blaze before her prayers were answered.

The crowd around were ignorant of her story, but a few days later, in a shop in the vicinity where we had bought some trifles, we gleaned the facts which formed the generally received account in the neighborhood.

He was a young workman, whose handsome face won him many successes. She was a young girl from one of the provinces, near Dijon, I think, who had abandoned her home for his sake, and who clung to him with jealous passion, in spite of his efforts to throw her off after he had tired of her. She was too new to the life of the city to console herself for his desertion as most of her class do, and, moreover, she blamed herself for the sudden death of her mother, which had taken place soon after her flight. So remorse and jealousy and

loneliness combined to make her miserable. They had many stormy scenes, and after one of these violent periods he had gone off, swearing that he would put an end to it. The fourth day after his disappearance, his body was placed in the Morgue.

To take a bath in one of the establishments on the Seine is an agreeable sensation. You must first decide how you will have it, *simple*, *au fond du bain*, *avec peignoir*, etc. We took the most elaborate, although we did not know in the least what we were contracting for in an *au fond du bain*. Two deft handmaidens immediately appeared and began to open an immense sheet, which they spread in the bottom of the tub, smoothing it out nicely on the sides.

There is a swimming establishment in the north part of the city, fitted up in fine style, with a magnificent tank lined with marble, wherein we disported ourselves. Nothing clears the mind and refreshes the body, after the fatigues of sight-seeing, like

a plunge in the water and a few vigorous strokes.

The trip on the Seine to St.-Cloud (I proudly informed Sanguinelle that its name came from St. Clodoald, grandson of Clovis, who here founded a monastery) is a very agreeable ride on the river. After passing under the numerous bridges of the Seine, we come to the long, narrow Isle de Cygne, on the extremity of which is a copy, reduced in size, of Bartholdi's Liberty statue in New York.

The Chateau of St. Cloud is a picturesque ruin. Its deserted pride touches you, and your heart feels heavy for the two unhappy ones that held court here,—Josephine and Eugénie. The parks are the great attraction, particularly when the fountains play. From a high point in the grounds, one gets a magnificent view,—below the Seine, to the right, the bridge of St.-Cloud; further on, the Bois de Boulogne; then Arc de Triomphe, Montmartre, the Trocadero, the Eifel Tower, of course, the domes of Des Inva-

lides and of the Panthéon, and the countless houses of Paris.

From St.-Cloud, it is a pleasant walk through shaded avenues to Ville d'Avray, where we proposed to take the train for Versailles. I must enter for the second time in this journal the fact that we lost the train. Now, Sanguinelle has the most remarkable antipathy to asking the route. She takes as much delight in working it out from the directions in Baedeker as if it were a prize problem. I must follow close behind with a countenance illuminated with the same unfaltering faith, and be prepared to execute the same sudden and bewildering changes of base that she does, else she suspects me of meanly trying to work it out

on an independent plan of my own. I strive to do my part, but occasionally I have lapses. We are all weak creatures, Heaven help us! On this occasion, I was seized with a strong desire to ask the way from a workman who was coming along. I craftily measured my distance from Sanguinelle, and, satisfied that I was safe, sailed into the colloquy. His answer was not very clear. It seemed to me, from what I could gather from his remarks, that he was giving me his ideas on the permanence of the French Republic. It is almost a drawback to accustom your ear exclusively to the pure Parisian accent; it leaves you helpless in a case like this. When I had sufficiently recovered from my stunned condition, I saw Sanguinelle at the end of the street, wildly gesticulating. I made the best time possible, but it was too late.

Five minutes later, we changed recriminations to congratulation. Here, at Ville d'Avray, is the house in which Gambetta breathed his last. We found it readily, a

pretty place in the midst of shrubbery and flowers. The room where he died remains much as it was. The bed was covered with wreathes of immortelles and those beady monstrosities which play such a large part in the expression of French grief. The

drawing-room below is also full of similar souvenirs. The memory of another great man dwells in this house, where he lived and wrote,—Balzac.

We had visited Versailles before. In a stern devotion to duty, we had looked at all the pictures in the whole weary length of its galleries, and had tried to say that we liked them. We had essayed the perilous feat of walking with calm, untroubled dignity the slippery floor of the *Galerie des Glaces*, without permitting anxiety for our feet to lower the aristocratic poise of our head. We had thrilled in the *chambre-a-coucher* of Marie Antoinette, and touched with reverent hands the bed on which Louis XIV. died. We did not want to do it over, however, but we did want to visit Petit Trianon again, or rather "Le hameau," the group of rustic houses in which the ladies of the court played at being dairy-maids and villagers. These poor little houses, deserted, closed, with a mournful silence brooding over them, make one very sad, like the toys of a dead child. Through the windows of the *laiterie* one can see the marble slabs on which the butter was placed. In front of a little thatched cot-

tage, used by Marie Antoinette, stands a tree planted by her hand. It is dead. On a rustic bench, in the porch, a priest sat reading his breviary. We lingered here

long after sunset, and when we came out, we found that the cabmen had gone to seek other and (at that hour, no doubt,) more promising pastures. We were consequently obliged to walk to the station. The road was long and we were weary; moreover, I was distinctly hungry,—the symptoms made it easy to diagnose the case. Having arrived at the station but half an hour before the train started, we ordered, in a café close by, what might be quickly prepared,—steak for me; for Sanguinelle, an omelette with cheese, her morbid taste

craving these strange combinations. The *garçon* spread the cloth, adjusting with painful nicety the crease to the centre of the table, laid the knife over the fork, then thought better of it and reversed the arrangement, went away for a long time, came back with the salt-cellar, and could not satisfy himself on what spot of the table it looked best. Ten minutes were gone, and I had begun to play on the floor an *adagio* movement with my right foot. His next visit was more promising, for he came bearing bread and a bottle of wine. He had disappeared again before we discovered that the cork was not drawn. Five minutes were spent in munching dry bread, and the movement was markedly *allegro*, but the motif remained the same. "I heard his footfall's music,"—he had the tooth-picks in one hand, and placed them in the centre of the table, laying a dainty finger-bowl on a side table for later use. *Allegro* resolved naturally into *vivace*. My French rose to the occasion. I said,—

"Garçon, emportez ces choses-là. Je ne les désire pas du tout. Je désire bifstek et tout de suite. Comprenez-vous?"

And, after all, I could not eat it. My stomach inherits a prejudice against meat on Friday which I have never been able to reason it out of, and so I had to eat Sanguinelle's awful combination and watch her come up to time in the most amazing way on my beefsteak, which came on steaming hot eight minutes before the train started.

The catacombs may be visited the first and third Saturday of each month by an order from the Director of Public Works. It is necessary to be provided with a candle —which may be purchased (ingeniously placed on a box-cover for a candle-stick) at the entrance.

The catacombs are ancient quarries which, in the time of the Romans, furnished the stone for the building of their houses. They extend under a great part of the city on the left bank of the river.

About a century ago, some of the streets

under which they ran began to sink. Thereupon the government caused walls and supports to be constructed, and ordered that the bones from the suppressed cemeteries should be transported here. Hence their name. During the Reign of Terror, too, some bodies were thrown into the passages. The bones have since been arranged according to a systematic plan, and are disposed in fantastic shapes and intricate patterns on either side of the long galleries, varied with rows of skulls. In one passage are found bones presenting some anomaly,—in another those deformed by disease, and so on. A sight like this makes one long to secure for his remains the decent annihiliation of the crematory and the repose of the funeral urn. Think of your tibia and fibula helping to eke out an elaborate Greek pattern, or your vertebræ, with the aid of the spinal column of some other unfortunate, making concentric circles, or your dainty finger-bones, paired off with just as dainty ones furnished by

another party to the contract, forced to radiate from a common centre consisting of a pomum Adami. On the opposite side of the wall will be your skull, well pleased, to judge from its broad grin, at the distinguished figure(s) the rest of you is cutting. I feel that mine would weep,—that out of the caverns of the eyes would roll great tears, and from the awful jaws would come a supplication,—

"Cover us up decently. Let our poor, naked repulsiveness be hidden. Put out the light and let the show be over."

Coming from dinner, we were often tempted to flatten our noses against the plate-glass of the shop windows of the Palais Royal and hunger after the pretty things on the other side. Thus absorbed, we would hear a buzzing sound whose gentle persistence would force us finally to look up. It was the proprietor, saying,—

"Come into my parlor," or words to that effect. Then we would move on to the next window, to hear the same little

ditty transposed three semitones to suit the tenor voice of the new performer. After a while, it was amusing to hear the theme begun, suddenly cease, and the singer disappear as he recognized the fact that he had chanted before to the same audience to no profit.

The cabs of Paris are delightful little carriages, running smoothly and swiftly along the magnificently-paved streets of the city. They are, as a rule, well kept, and the costume of the driver quite correct, though the horses seem poor after the fine ones of London. One feels like a bloated aristocrat, taking an agreeable ride in one of these elegant vehicles, but grows more humble on passing one in which is seated a laundress, bareheaded, with her huge bundle at her feet; or another, with three workmen in their blue blouses, returning from their work. They are so cheap (forty cents an hour, and a *pourboire* of five or six cents extra to the driver), that all classes use them. They are owned by

companies who rent them to the drivers, who really only receive the little that is given them in *pour mangers*, as the temperate Pomona called them. Monsieur le cocher cannot easily cheat you if you have the smallest knowledge of French, for the tariff is printed on the slip of paper which he is obliged to hand you if you demand,—

"Le numéro, s'il vous plaît."

Any overcharge is punished by imprisonment, the illegal money being returned.

The announcement "*complet*" on an omnibus is, to an American, one of the marvels of Europe, probably because no living man or woman ever saw our cars in that condition. Likewise, it is exasperating when one is impatient to get to the other end of the city. At certain hours—dinner-time, for example, when every one wants to get to his home, or to his particular café—you need the patience of Job and the years of Methuselah to wait for your number to be called. For, gentlemen, there is no chance here to practise your artful little

plan of walking down a square and boarding the 'bus while yet in full speed, ensconcing yourselves in the various snug corners with an innocent, absorbed expression! You must go to the station and get your number, which will probably be 555, and likewise get an attack of St. Vitus's dance in the nervous effort to recognize your number when the conductor, with the speed of a lightning calculator, calls out,—

"Cinque cent cinquante cinque."

There you must be, on the spot, to tumble right in, or the play begins over again for you. If you have forgotten to buy your evening paper before mounting the imperial, do not despair. The newsman will hand it up to you on top of a long stick and deftly catch the *sous* that you throw him. Occasionally an inspector boards the car and examines the conductor's accounts. More than once we witnessed a heated discussion between them. Our sympathy was always on the side of the

conductor, for, as a rule, he is long-suffering and polite.

A walk in Paris is a delight, although a greater delight must be to occupy a seat in front of a café, like a reserved place at a show, and watch the changing panorama of street life. We did not try it. We always formed part of the spectacle. There were other figures *almost* as unique. The innumerable fruit-sellers, for example, with their hand-carts filled with delicious apricots, luscious plums, and mammoth gooseberries. These were a constant irritant to Sanguinelle's appetite, and consequently a perpetual threat to our purse. In one encounter, she was so anxious to set her teeth in the luscious things that she threw her coins down impetuously before the bag was filled, whereupon the shrewd old villain, first satisfying himself that no gendarme was near, declared that the money had been placed there by a previous customer. There was some rapid French on both sides. I supported Sanguinelle in

her extremity, though usually I frown upon these extravagances, and I have a confused remembrance of getting my moods and tenses miserably mixed up, and even exploding upon his old head some German words, for, when angry, I am

> "More fluent than a parrot is,
> And far more polly-glottish."

Perhaps the German capped the climax of the old man's anger, for he became quite awful, and as we had brought no passports with us, and did not wish the risk of having our departure from Paris that evening delayed, we beat a prudent retreat, leaving with the old sinner both plums and pennies.

On passing a funeral one day, every man on top of the 'bus on which we were took off his hat, and every one in the street below also uncovered his head. A beautiful custom, we thought, though we failed to understand the same sentiment, perhaps, which prompts the Frenchman to leave his

visiting-card, with the corner turned down, in the tomb of the dear departed.

In front of the Venus de Milo, a young woman, dressed in the prevailing mode, a long, waspish waist, the lines of her bodice, as much as possible, arranged to conceal the presence of hips,—for, as some one remarks, the ribs may, unfortunately, be compressed, but hip-bones, like facts, are stubborn things,—and, of course, the proverbial little mice peeping out from under her petticoat,—remarked to her husband,—

"Well, my dear, now look at her dispassionately and confess the truth. Put clothes on the Venus de Milo and she would look like a guy."

He (after careful meditation). Yes, I agree with you. She would.

She (gleefully). At last I have convinced you!

He. Not so fast, my dear; let me ask you a question first. Do you agree with the unanimous opinion of the rest of the world that this is a perfect form?

She (not seeing his drift too well). Ye–es.

He. Suppose that all the world agrees with you in the opinion that she would look like a guy in clothes,—tell me, then, who must bear the reproach, Venus or the dressmaker?

Which only proves that man's mind is more logical than woman's,—at least, a mind kept in such a poor, distorted envelope as the one that pouted half-angrily, and turned to go up-stairs to see the pictures.

VIII.

WE had the whole compartment to ourselves on the train to Lausanne, better luck than we had dared to hope for; but everything else about the trip went wrong, from the chicken without salt and the wine without a cup, which we had bought for a midnight repast, to a small bottle of ammonia that impudently spilled over and stained Prudentia's new *couverture*. We had taken other advice than Baedeker's in choosing the Pontarlier route, and did not think that the scenery, though fine, was worth the extra time and bother. Four o'clock in the morning is too early in the day for the expression of very warm enthusiasm, particularly when one is still lamenting a wholly paid for, and only half swallowed, breakfast. We saw, as once

before on a night journey, the Parisienne, who, with toilette vinegar, powder, hand-glass, and perfumery, succeeds in making herself look as if she had just stepped from her boudoir. We could not help wondering whom she expected to meet.

Though the steamer route from Lausanne to Geneva is not over the most picturesque part of the lake, we were charmed with its crystal, clear blue, *blue*, BLUE water, and the lovely villages on its banks, many of them, like Coppet and Ferney, the former residences of the great of the earth. At Morges we had our first view of Mont Blanc It was magnificent, so huge and white, that I am almost afraid to say, lest it should make him seem less grand, that we could see a strong resemblance to the great head of a frog.

Arrived in Geneva, we went on a wild search for Calvin's house. Heaven alone knows why either of us cared to see it, but we console ourselves with the thought that otherwise we might not have seen the old

and more interesting part of the town. The new part is quite handsome, but a disagreeable mixture of Paris and America. We did not care for it at all, and I feel sure that the American travellers (it is, of course, different if one comes to stay or study) who have liked it must have been those who rejoiced to speak English again, or men addicted to the real American drinks. We saw them all, and for the first time in Europe, from ice-water to sherry cobblers and gin cocktails. There is a fine view of the Mont Blanc and Jura ranges. The lake is beautiful, and the boats, with their bright-colored, lateen-shaped sails, picturesque. Beside the lake plays a fountain of great height, which, in the rays of the sun, continually changes its color. The hotel was one of the best that we visited, too, yet we were very willing to leave Geneva.

Our fellow-travellers to Cluses were two clergymen and two American ladies whom we had previously noticed in a wild state of excitement, searching for a Cook interpreter

to help them about their luggage, two enormous Saratogas.

"How odd that they do not speak English in the baggage-room, of all places!" said one, settling herself and opening a Phrase-Book. In twenty minutes she handed the book to her friend, and proceeded to repeat, with becoming owl-like gravity,—

"*Donnez-moi une fourchette et un couteau, s'il vous plaît.*

"At any rate, I can ask for a knife and fork," she added, congratulatorily.

We refrained from disturbing her serenity with the thought that even in uncivilized Europe the table was usually previously provided with them.

At Bonneville there was a magnificent view of Mont Blanc, white and dazzling, but the diligence ride was more tiresome than pleasant, and we determined thereafter to take a carriage, or walk. The three glaciers—our first—were disappointing, seen from the road. One has to be near them,

on them, and in them, to get any idea of their enormous size. Afterwards we were enthusiastic over the last of the three, the Glacier des Bossons, with its huge needles of ice and its lighted grotto, but that day we were only anxious to get to a hotel to stretch our weary limbs. My idea of Chamouni had been a peaceful valley under the shadow of Mont Blanc. It was that once, perhaps; now it is a collection of hotels, inhabited by tourists, surrounded by guides, mules, and souvenir dealers.

Early the next morning, armed with newly-purchased alpenstocks and scorning the proprietor's offer of a guide, we set out to ascend Montanvert. Baedeker says, "passing the little English church, cross the meadow to the houses of Les Mouilles," which we did all right, though I could not help thinking that we were on the wrong side of the Arve. Prudentia remarked that it was strange that no one else was travelling the same road, but I was too full of the beautiful flowers to let these doubts

weigh heavily. The next châlets were to be reached in a quarter of an hour. An hour passed and there were still no signs of them. Prudentia looked doubtful, which, in view of the fact that I was feeling the same way, was irritating.

"We are on the right road, of course. We could not have made a wrong turn, for there has been no choice," said I, decidedly.

"It seems strange that no one else is coming up," reiterates Prudentia for the twentieth time, but with a deeper expression of gloom.

"You always think that we are wrong. We can't be."

No answer.

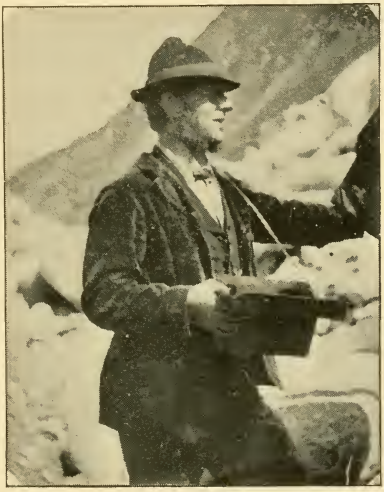
"I know that we are right," threateningly, "aren't we?"

"Yes, yes," said she, and immediately begins to mutter *paters* and *aves* in extenuation of the lie.

It seems that there are two churches in Chamouni, and we had taken the road

leading past the Catholic church in the village. There was nothing to do but to retrace our steps, which made it late when we finally started up Montanvert. Moreover, it had begun to rain and the path was muddy. All the natives assured us that it was only a passing shower, except the woman in the cantine where we lunched, and we had grave doubts of the disinterestedness of her weather lore, for she had an umbrella to rent. Prudentia paid two francs of her own for it (I declined to share any such sybaritic luxury), and we trudged ahead with the extra burden. At last the hotel was reached. Hungry, wet, and tired, we hastily ate a dinner, and, giving our clothes to be dried and cleaned, went to bed. The room was beautiful, ceiled with a natural pine of exquisite gloss and grain. The window looked down on the Mer de Glace, which, for the first time, seemed huge. All around rose the snow-covered mountains of stone, whose sharp peaks deserve their name, *Aiguilles.*

Baedeker says that a guide to cross the glacier is necessary for the inexperienced; therefore we took one, though much against our wills, and if he had not been



steeped in admiration for our agility and French, we should have regretted it, for there was no danger, plenty of deep crevices, to be sure, but always a plain way to avoid them. I did not even wear socks

over my shoes, and yet had no difficulty in keeping upright.

So encouraged were we that we went down the Mauvais Pas alone, undismayed by Baedeker's warning to *elderly people*, and by the stories of fainting women carried down by guides. The descent was not even exciting, for, though the steps are cut

out of the solid rock, down a steep cliff, yet a railing makes one safe. The Chapeau is a ledge of rock looking down on the Mer de Glace and up to the great snow moun-

tains back of it. We entered the inn there to have our sticks marked and to order a lunch. The prices were so exorbitant that, as it was still early, we deferred it to a more convenient time, and, trying to forget the soreness and lameness consequent on yesterday's walk in the rain, we ascended the Flégère. I cannot say that we were quite comfortable, but we were glad that we had not given up when we looked at the magnificent panorama from that mountain. In the middle flowed the Mer de Glace, as gracefully curved and as white as a foamy river; on all sides rose up huge mountains of stone and snow, while at the left, whiter than all, stood Mont Blanc, so far away that he seemed less high than the nearer peaks.

Next morning we were less sore than the previous day, so after an early breakfast we sent on our valise, and, carrying a small net bag provided with two pairs of stockings, a comb, two night-dresses, and a flask of cognac for emergencies, alpenstocks in

hand, set out for Martigny. The first part of the road was familiar, for we had taken it on our return from the Flégère. It was quite level, the day fine, and as we swung our sticks gayly forward we felt that the whole earth was ours. Suddenly I exclaimed,—

"Where is the Baedeker?"

Prudentia insisted upon going back alone for it, whereat I wept aloud, and ceased only to find her gone. I tried to sit calmly by the roadside, but finally, urged on by the remembrance of the hotel proprietor's charge for our luggage, which we had thought exorbitant at the time, but had paid with only one murmur because of our haste to be on our way, I returned to find the Baedeker lost. It was too much. I opened the vials of my wrath on the landlord, who luckily (for me) understood English. I could not have said all that was in my heart in any other language. We searched the village through for another book, and had almost given up when one

of the natives kindly escorted us to the hiding-place of the only one in town, the latest edition, fortunately, and once more, but with weary hearts, we set forth on our travels. A sight of the great glacier of Argentière cheered us a little, but it was the excellent lunch at the inn that really reconciled us to our lot. While we were eating, it suddenly began to pour. We looked at each other and—laughed. We had walked in the rain before and enjoyed it; moreover, a pretty young lady, an American, though she looked English, advised us to go on, and told us of a short cut, for which we thanked her profusely, but mentally resolved not to take, feeling it wiser to keep to the main road. We had only gone a short distance, however, when she and her sister overtook us. They had kindly come out in the rain to show us the beginning of the shorter route, which, after all, was simple enough. The carriage-road ascends in wide, bold curves which her path cut across. On we went in the rain and strong wind

(luckily back of us), but warm and happy with the glow of walking. Our attire freed us from the chief discomfort a woman feels in walking in the rain,—the slimy clasp of long, wet skirts clinging to the ankles with every step. We turned frequently to look at the valley and mountains behind us, which were visible in spite of the storm, and our eyes dwelt on a landscape so acutely desolate that we felt the same poignant pleasure a great tragedy begets. At last we reached the summit of the pass. The descent, though less exhilarating, was more interesting, with its beautiful cascades, a lonely valley, and wayside crosses often covered with flowers. I shall never forget the delightful feeling of awe which filled us when we stood on the Eau Noire bridge, which connects France with Switzerland. To choose which country we should step to, just as if we had a fairy wishing-cap, made delicious thrills run up and down our happy bodies.

There were many people coming from

Martigny on the road. The women tried to look superior, and, I suppose, so many superstitions and shams are attached to the word comfort, they may really have felt as they looked; but the men were always cordial and admiring, with the single exception of a pale-faced misanthrope with two mules (one for his luggage) and a guide, who confided to the air in front of him, in a falsetto voice, that we were,—

"Two brave ladies!"

The inn at Chatelard, where, after the mishap of the morning, we had expected to spend the night, was cheap and looked clean; but we were not tired, we were wet, and it was too early for dinner and bed. Moreover, there was the Pont Mystérieux at Tête Noire to be seen, and nothing in particular at Chatelard.

While we were debating the pros and cons, the proprietor and chambermaid came out of the house and watched our hesitation with alternating hope and fear. In-

deed, I do not believe that they quite gave us up until we were out of sight.

After walking another hour, the road, which was very narrow and cut out of the rocky side of the mountain overlooking a deep valley, pierced a rock and brought us in sight of the inn. Prudentia declared that it was the grim determination that she read in my eye, that made the sleepy, heavy-looking proprietress come down from six to four francs, on condition that we went up another flight, and then give us the first room for the last price. After a delicious dinner, we went to sleep to the sound of tinkling cow-bells, and a pleased remembrance of Alphonse Daudet's name on the hotel register.

Early the next morning we put on our now thoroughly dried and cleaned garments, and walked to Martigny. I remember the beautiful Glacier of Trient and the fine view of the Rhone Valley with pleasure, but the walk as a whole was not nearly as interesting as that of the day before, and

we regretted that we had not returned to Chatelard to take the Salvan route to Vernayaz, or, better still, cut across from the Tête Noire to Finhaut.

Martigny is a beautiful little town surrounded by hills, on one of which is perched the old castle of the Bishops of Sion. It was gayly decorated with flags and trees, "In honor of the fête," said a little boy. "What fête?" staggered him; but he ran after us to lisp out, "The sixth hundredth anniversary of our independence."

Every town must celebrate on a different day, and they seem, too, to have had our itinerary in mind, for it was always the day of our arrival.

The visitor's book was so full of references to the excellent attendance and our waitress was so pretty that Prudentia's always easily-awakened suspicions were aroused. I told her that it was starred in Baedeker, which apparently convinced her of its respectability. What did people do before that book was written?

The pretty waitress assured us that the dinner was excellent, so we took *table d'hôte*, a function not ordinarily popular with us. It is such a melancholy ordeal! A solemn silence prevails; the bashful ones keep their eyes cast down in the fear of encountering the others; the swaggering ones look boldly around, and pretend that they do not care; the nervous ones feebly play with the salt-cellar, until suddenly remembering that it is not good form, they guiltily drop it. Just as we are expecting the funeral service to begin, the soup is brought in. Then the plates are cleaned one after another, according to the particular style of each manipulator of the knife and fork. The style in greatest favor is "The Expeditious." They mercifully inform you of the name of the approaching dish, but that by no means always prepares you for what appears on the plate! One has only a veto power, no choice either of comestibles or company. Yet we heard a lady give as a convincing proof of the satis-

factory arrangements of Cook's Eastern tours, that while they were camping out in Arabia, they yet had *table d'hôte* every day!

This time it was not so bad, for, with one exception, our companions were Germans, who said their say in a hearty, jovial way that was refreshing. The exception was an Englishman, who ate with a pocket dictionary, and took possession of us with an enthusiasm that we could not reciprocate. He confided to us that,—

"Travelling is lonesome, don't you know. One is always meeting such a lot of people, don't you know, only to lose them again."

We did not know, but it was a mitigating circumstance that we could look forward to losing sight of him.

The dinner was good, but the famous Lamarque wine, known and praised by the Romans, was so long in coming, the label was so damp with the paste, and the flavor of the wine was so ordinary, that we suspected that only the price was genuine.

At five the next morning there was a serenade underneath our window. The chimes of the neighboring church took up one of the airs, and streams of people, some of them in the beautiful gala dress of the peasants, went past to mass.

We stopped over a train at St. Maurice, with the intention of visiting its ancient monastery, but it was not the chalice of Queen Bertha, nor yet the Gospels of Charlemagne, that roused us to enthusiasm; instead, a pathetic little monument to three brothers.

Prudentia said the monastery, the first in Switzerland, would be yet more ancient had the lord of St. Maurice kept his vow. Being without an heir, he besought Heaven, with tears and bribes, to give him a son, one of the most frequent of his promises being the erection of a handsome monastery. Time went by; Heaven, allured by his magnificent proposals,—or, perhaps, in supernal generosity,—sent him, not one child, but three—triplets.

Secure in the number of his offspring, and more anxious to provide for them properly on earth than to propitiate a Heaven which seemed easily satisfied with promises, he put off the building of the

monastery from day to day and from year to year. They had whooping-cough and measles successively, but the poor, confident father refused to be warned. Even chicken-pox did not alarm him. Imagine,

then, his despair when a green cucumber ended their lives! The monastery was built at last, but its first inmate was the repentant and heart-broken father.

The band played enticingly at Bouveret, but we lingered not, and hastened to the boat. For a long distance the swift, gray current of the Rhone is sharply outlined in the blue waters of the lake. This day a week we saw it rushing from the lake with the same impetuosity that it now sought it. "The little isle which in my face did smile" looked too much like Rousseau's Isle, with its trees and geometrical boundaries. Chillon, too, disappointed us. To hear a pretty peasant-girl, her arm twined affectionately around the waist of another, who was evidently learning the trade,—perhaps because of No. 1's approaching nuptials,—recite, in a precise, sweet voice, with dates, those stories over which we had wept in our childhood, took away most of their interest and horror, and the open-mouthed, vacant-eyed crowd made away with the rest. We

tried to be either first or last, and, when we succeeded, all our old awe came back with a rush. After the others left the dungeons,

we managed hastily and guiltily to walk in the circle Bonnivard's feet had worn in the floor of rock. Still the names on the pillars, Byron, Sue, George Sand, Victor Hugo, and, on the wall further on, our own Shelley, touched us more than the story of Bonnivard, for, after all, did he not die a respectable and highly respected citizen? The *oubliettes*, whose horror we could only

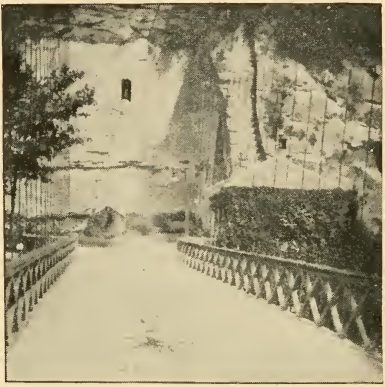
guess at, for their knife-lined rocks could not be seen, so deep and dark was the cavern, seemed less dreadful than the burnt places where the torturing-iron had missed the flesh and seared the wood instead. The chapel and my lady's chamber contained finer carving than one would expect to see in the home of such primitive cruelty, but perhaps the Countess Peter was more dainty than her lord.

We were fond of Freiburg from the beginning. One of the first things that we stumbled upon in our walk through the town, which is picturesquely built on a rocky hill surrounded by the Sarine River, was an old, old, lime-tree supported by stone pillars. Through the hollow trunk grew a younger, presumably slipt from the older. The story is that it came from a twig carried by a young Freiburgian who, in his anxiety to carry the good news of Morat to his native city, forgot his wounds and weakness. He had only the strength left to gasp out "Victory," and died. The

identical story paraphrased from Euripides by Browning, is it not?

Some of the suspension bridges were anchored in the hills themselves, and the massive iron ropes of others went through houses. At the end of one was a curious building dug out of the solid rock. In the middle of the wall was a charming little Madonna shrine.

One of Freiburg's daughters, the Duchess Adela Colonna, "Marcello," has be-



queathed her gallery of paintings and her own sculptures to the town. I suppose that the latter were good,—portraits, mostly,—but we could not help feeling that she bought better than she wrought.

The famous organ was well played; "Walküre" and "William Tell" we recognized. It was very full and powerful, and the Vox Humana more like Vox Angeli.

Bern was a revelation of snow moun-

tains. From every open high place the peaks of the Berner-Oberland can be seen in fine weather, particularly at evening, when we would sit for hours waiting for the Alpenglühen.

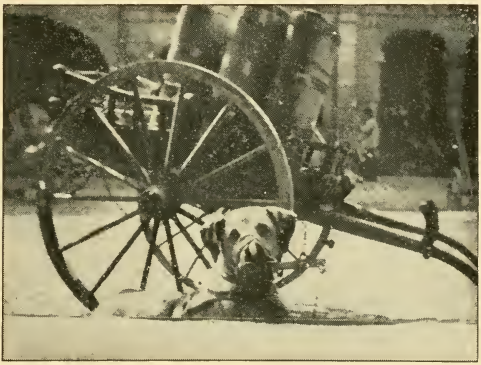
The other side of Bern is the mediæval. Every one knows of the famous ogre

fountain, the little man upon it devouring children with as much gusto now as if they had not been his daily food for three cen-

turies. Then there is Samson, the Bagpiper, Themis, the Bear in Armor,—whenever one looks out from the covered Lauben,—which are like Chester's Rows,—one sees some hitherto unobserved conceit in the fountain line.

The famous clock was being repaired, but we forgave it, for bears were everywhere, from the gingerbread, chocolate, and frosting ones for which I sighed, but upon which Prudentia frowned, to the real live ones, who prance and caper about as gayly as if they had never eaten the poor British

officer who fell in the den one dinner-time. To be a bear in Bern is to be a prince ; but the next best thing must be to be born able to sit all day in the cushioned window-seats which belong to every house.



The Thun steamer was frightfully crowded. We fancied that a "Cook," or "Gaze, Personally Conducted" was on board, and we ran right into the jaws of a so-called "Private Party," in making room for a poor little old woman, who evidently felt that she could only express her gratitude adequately by friendly conversation.

"How many are there in your party?" she asked, in gentle falsetto.

"Only we two."

"Oh!" she said, trying to conceal her astonishment. "We have thirty in ours. Mr. Brown takes us around. Perhaps you know him,—Mr. Brown of Brooklyn?

"Why, there he is now," she added, as a fat, perspiring, ignorant-looking man came up, brusquely tearing off the old lady's coupons. A few minutes later, we saw him in excited converse with an official who answered his blustering English, "It's all right," by quietly pointing out to him the statement on the ticket that the coupon without the cover was valueless. Mr. B. seemed disposed still further to argue the matter, from which we concluded that he neither spoke French nor read English.

If Mr. Brown left the little old woman to her own devices, she did not have a similar amount of confidence in us; for each time

that we started up to look at anything, she hastened to reassure us with,—

"Mr. Brown will tell us when it is time to get off, and I will tell you." All of which led us to reflect on the halo thrown about incompetence and ignorance when equipped with trousers.

As soon as we had settled ourselves at the hotel in Interlaken, we walked to the Höheweg, just in time to see the famous view of the Jungfrau, rising so white and still above the darker hills. Almost immediately it began to cloud over, and we never saw it again, or anything else in Interlaken except the shops, which were enjoyable enough, to be sure. Still they were not what we came for; so, in hopes that we might strike better weather later, we made a trip to Giessbach. One ascends and descends the mountain in cars connected by a rope of wire, which runs over a movable pulley at the top. As one heavily loaded with water descends, its weight pulls up the other. It is a delightfully

cheap arrangement, and safe, too, for the brakes are strong and instantaneous in their action. We spent the afternoon exploring above and underneath the beautiful fall, which makes seven leaps before it enters the lake at last, nearly twelve hundred feet from its source. At night we sat before it awaiting the illumination, not particularly disposed to be enraptured. A few Roman candles went up. We looked at each other.

"I wish that I had put my franc in carved wood," said we both.

In another moment we were glad to be there, such marvellous colors the foamy waters took. All too soon the violet turned to blue, the blue to green, the green to red, whose last pink glow faded away and left us in darkness.

It rained again in Interlaken, forcing us to take the train to Lauterbrunnen. We had hardly started before the sun came out and filled us with regret that we had not walked. On all sides rose the magnificent mountains, old friends and two new ones,—

the Wetterhorn and a pillar-shaped hill of rock the name of which I have forgotten. We had expected to go by the new railroad to Mürren, from which point, according to many, the most magnificent view in Switzerland may be had. I carefully concealed from Prudentia that there had been an accident the first time that it had run, but I might just as well have relieved my mind, for it was not yet running again. Three times we started to *walk* up the path, which was unmentionably muddy on account of the continuous rain, and then, as we really had not time, gave it up unwillingly and started for a nearer view of the Staubbach, a long, slender veil of mist floating down from one of the perpendicular rocks which shut in Lauterbrunnen. The Trümmelsbach, farther on, has a greater volume of water; the round basin which it has worn is interesting, and though, perhaps, less well known, is more popular among those who do visit it, but it

had not for us the wonderful, dainty charm of the Dust-Brook.

After a few abortive attempts to buy carved wood as cheap as we had seen it in Interlaken, we started for the Wengern, not by the usual path, which we did not bother to find, for we knew the general direction. Hardly had we left the main road when we were besieged by guides of all ages. Finally they left us in disgust, except one small boy, who persistently followed us, saying,—

"Sie sind nicht auf dem rechten Weg. Sie sind nicht auf dem rechten Weg." (You are not on the right road.)

To our repeated shrugs he would invariably answer,—

"Ich lüge nicht. Ich kann nicht lügen.

Sie sind nicht auf dem rechten Weg." (I do not lie. I cannot lie. You are not on the right road.)

Finally Prudentia said to him,—

"Das wissen wir wohl, aber wir gehen nach dem Wengern nicht."

She does invest her most preposterous falsehoods with a most deceptive air of truth; still we were both astonished, as well as relieved, when, apparently suddenly convinced of the uselessness of his pursuit, he left us.

The road was distinctly bad, in spite of Baedeker's assurance to the contrary, but it was interesting, and we were sufficiently comfortable not to be discouraged by the advice of people descending, who all advised us, in a variety of languages, not to go on, saying that the mud was knee-deep. We did not believe that it could be worse, first, because nothing muddier could be imagined, indeed, we had never seen anything so bad, and then the shoes of our advisers looked about like our own. So on

we jogged contentedly, listening to the marvellous echoes and looking back on dark Lauterbrunnen, with Mürren high above; but it did get worse, too bad to be thought of, much less mentioned in polite society. Even our short skirts were loaded with mud. But we were full of rapture when the gigantic Jungfrau, flanked on either side by the Schnee Horn and the Silber Horn, loomed up before us, pink in the setting sun, and seemingly so near that we could almost touch them. Chamouni showed us nothing to compare with it.

With surprise we recognized a little boy rushing down the path as our would-be guide of the morning, and greeted him cordially with,—

"Guten Abend, Kindchen."

"Sie sind nach dem Wengern gegangen. Sie haben mich betrügen,—betrügen" (You went to the Wengern. You have deceived me,—deceived me), he screamed at us with angry emphasis, evidently feeling outraged at our conduct, and either for-

getting his own little lie, or else thinking it quite venial.

After a fine dinner we went up-stairs to our room, which looked out on the snow mountains, and rang for the porter to attend to our clothes. Something or other was forgotten; we rushed to the door to call him back, and beheld him nearly doubled up with amusement and astonishment,—not at the mud, but at our spring-heeled shoes. It is impossible to tell how they manage it, but even German men and women walk in pointed-toed, rather high-heeled, shoes.

It was so very cold that we each got in the same bed and piled on top of us both feather-beds and sets of blankets. Prudentia woke up early (*I* sleep always the deep sleep of innocence), and was rewarded by a glowing Jungfrau, with a solitary star at its very tip. Would you credit the meanness, the perfidy of her? She crawled quietly back to bed and *told* me of it three hours later.

Early the next morning we set forth on

the excellent road to the Scheidegg, hearing, though not seeing, many avalanches. Beyond, however, the steep, uninteresting descent to Grindelwald was a marsh, and to add to our discomfort it began to rain hard. We were just as wet as we could be, and for that very reason I wanted to push on at once to the pink glacier of Rosenlaui, visiting on the way the well-known, but very ordinary, ones at Grindelwald. For the first and only time, Prudentia wanted to do the opposite, and take the train to Interlaken for Meyringen.

"We are wet through. It would not be safe to sit in the cars," I said, using the argument most likely to influence her.

"The roads are frightful; we might be too used-up to walk over the Grimsel," said she, trying to touch my vulnerable point.

After lengthy arguments on both sides, we each became overwhelmingly polite, offering effusively to do as the other wished. But even this did not persuade either of

us, so finally we threw up a coin,—heads, feet; tails, rail.

Tails came up.

"Best out of three," said I, hastily.

Tails, the second time.

Tails, the third time.

Very unwillingly I bought the tickets for Interlaken, and very eloquently I talked of the Wetterhorn, the beautiful rose-colored glacier of Rosenlaui, the Reichenbach Falls. Prudentia listened unmoved. Then I complained bitterly of the cold, my damp clothes, my aching bones. In vain. She afterwards told me that she kept saying to herself,—

"Well, if she were doing what she wished, she would be warm as wool and dry as a bone," which enabled her to remain firm.

In Interlaken we had time enough to buy some of the carved wood that we had before refrained from, under the delusion that we could get it cheaper and better in Lauterbrunnen. We went to the banker's,

too, and all in the pouring rain. I called Prudentia's attention to the fact that in spite of this we were much more comfortable than we had been in the train, but she wilfully refused to see the application.

To our great delight, the sun was very bright the next day, and we set out for the Grimsel in the most excellent spirits. Our hotel at Meyringen had been cheap and clean, the breakfast good (the waitress actually wanted to refill the jar of honey that we had shamelessly emptied), and we had succeeded in getting our shoes mended.

The road was dry to the foot and picturesque to the eye, passing numberless cascades, piercing through rocks, and once going underneath a broad sheet of water. Suggestive of fearful storms were the fields, covered with stones and débris, while the roofs of all the houses were weighted down with heavy stones.

Even the rainbowy ham and bottled beer of the only inn at Guttannen did not subdue our high spirits. As for the Schweitzer

cheese, it gives Prudentia's nose a perpetual surprise. She cannot understand why, with so many holes in it, it seems so badly

ventilated. From there on we were in a continual state of delight over the wildness of the route. Huge masses of rock were in our path, across which the festive chamois leaped occasionally. We crossed the foaming Aar many times, and looking down could pick out all sorts of fantastic shapes worn by its swift gray waters. And then the magnificent Falls of Handegg,—as high

as Montmorency, but infinitely swifter, and with thousands of rainbows in the great cloud of mist which apparently rebounds half-way up from the depths below.

We met a good many pedestrians, mostly Germans, with whom I exchanged the cheerful "Guten Morgen." Looking back, I frequently discovered Prudentia in deep converse with them; but to all my curious questions she responded,—

"I remarked that the pepper of the country was fine."

A little boy-friend of mine, who had visited Albany, was listening to an account of the trip with the greatest eagerness, evidently anxious to get in a word, and not to be left entirely out of the conversation. Finally, there was a slight pause, which he filled by saying, with the utmost vivacity,—

"And oh, aunty, wasn't the pepper fine there?"

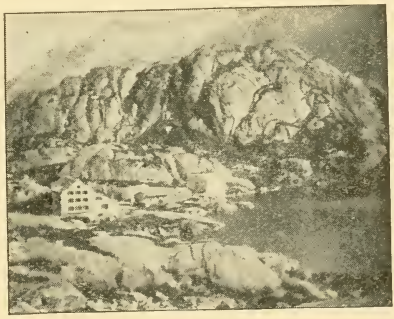
Gradually the road became lonelier. No one seemed to be going our way, and we

had not met any travellers from the Grimsel for quite a while, until suddenly, sitting on a rock, I espied a friend (Prudentia insists upon saying that when she has suddenly sat upon a rock her vision has been stellar rather than friendly) whom I had fancied that I had stupidly passed in a walk through Saxon Switzerland two years before. The three of us sat down to talk for a while, compare itineraries, and arrange for a future meeting. All this took time; sunset was near, and yet we had a two-hours' walk before us, with no human habitation on the road except two châlets. Prudentia was worried. The bleak, desolate valley,—vegetation had long since disappeared,—shut in by rocky, precipitous mountains, suggested all sorts of disasters, with no one to tell the tale. I suggested that no one ever heard of such things in Switzerland; that they could not afford to have it happen, for their living depended on the comfort of travellers. In vain, Prudentia insisted that the lucky villain who saw us would not

be likely to be dissuaded by abstract ideas of patriotism.

At last, after an hour's walk (in spite of our haste, we stopped to look at the scene behind and at each side of us), we reached the two châlets, and saw, milking his goat, the first human being since our three-cornered conversation. It was seven o'clock, we had eaten a very slight breakfast, and almost nothing for lunch; so, though we had another hour before us, we asked him for some cold goat's milk (to which we added, to his great delight, a "drap o' poteen"), and, giving him the usual coin, we departed, refreshed by the milk and his gratitude. He might have been that simple peasant to whom, at his own request, the French had given Rätherrichsboden, the rocky, unproductive land around the châlets, because he had guided them over the Grimsel to the Austrian encampment. The Swiss government annulled the grant, so I suppose that it could not have been he, but we were always sorry that we did not ask him.

Shortly after, I happened to look up, and there, on the height above us, stood two men, looking at us and gesticulating violently. Unfortunately, I said nothing to Prudentia, and when they finally clattered down upon us with a wild whoop, she bruised my arm in her fright. And that was the worst that happened to us. They were guides, who merely wished to say, "Guten Abend;" and ask, with friendly curiosity, "Gehen sie nach dem Grimsel?"



We reached the Hospice just before night fell, fortunately, for, when darkness comes here, it comes rapidly. The house

was built originally for poor travellers, and the rooms, in consequence, are very small, with the thinnest of partitions; but the dinner was excellent, the whole place delightfully quaint and clean. Inside, everything was cheerful, from the Frenchman in knickerbockers, who waltzed around the room alone to his own whistling, to the German in a skull-cap, whose surprising music-boxes and fine carvings found many admirers, but few purchasers. Outside, everything was dreary, from the poor cattle trying to find grass on the stones to the brackish little lake in which no fish can live. The Todten See, farther on, resembles it, but it has a gorier history, for here both the Austrians and the French buried their dead after the battle that followed the surprise of the Austrians by the French, led to the spot by the guide of whom I spoke before.

We almost slid down the steep hill in our eagerness to reach the "frozen cascade" of the Rhone Glacier, from which flow, in the

midst of the débris, the gray, gray waters of the infant Rhone, so narrow that we could step across it. The Grotto, a long passage in the clear, blue ice, taking one some distance into the glacier, was interesting. The curious light made us look so like ghosts that we did not dare to talk until we were safely out. The most magnificent views of the glacier are on the Furka road, which ascends from the hotel high above it. Here one has very fine views of the snow mountains, the Furka-horn, with its heavy ledge of snow, attracting us particularly by its fantastic appearance.

At Andermatt, in a little chapel, is placed, over the door, a box of skulls, many of them bearing a paper tag with a name, presumably that of the original owner. One poor, sinful mortal had been stood on his head. We never succeeded in discovering the whys and wherefores of the curious case, though we asked several priests who might be expected to know. It is plainly not a

sight for tourists, for two reasons,—there was no one around to receive a fee, and then there were two black bottles behind the small pulpit. We unwittingly added two incongruous things to our picture,—the net bag and the two alpenstocks.

Andermatt is the chief town of the valley of Urseren, of which it is said that it is winter eight months, and cold the other four. From this valley, the Urner Loch,

a seventy-yard hole in the solid rock, leads to the wild scenery of the Devil's Bridge. It seems a great pity that the so-called American idea of advertising on the rocks should be allowed to intrude here. We wished that the aptly-termed "hat-rogue" wind could carry off the more pressing of the hotel invitations "to come into my chamber."

From Göschenen to Amsteg the St. Gotthard road darts through hills and winds around itself in the most perplexing way. It travels miles and advances not at all. Luckily, the scenery rewards one for the scrutiny one must give it. Prudentia was constantly possessed of a mysterious illusion that we were taking the wrong train,—mysterious because no experience of this sort gave it birth. In fact, even a stupid person could not make such a mistake here, where they carefully examine the tickets before the train starts, and tenderly give any one who is where he does not belong the "grand bounce."

She generally struggles silently with her unbelief, and only attempts to reassure herself by surreptitious glances at the tickets of her neighbors, or by taking an official into an obscure corner, where she hopes that I cannot see her, and asking him as many questions as that patient creature will endure. Now, in going over the St. Gotthard road, she was convinced that we had taken an excursion train and would spend the whole day in exciting trips between Göschenen and Amsteg. Her anxiety as the train continued to travel backward increased, and finally she could not help expressing it to a German who sat near. He replied,—

"Geben Sie sich kein Acht. Der Schaffner hat sein Taschentuch vergessen, und da gehen wir zurück!" (Don't be alarmed. The conductor has forgotten his handkerchief. That is why we are going back.)

We would have given a good deal for the same leisurely progress later on, that we might have observed with more ease the

places associated with Schiller's "William Tell,"—Zwing Uri, Gessler's castle,—

"Zwing Uri soll sie heissen,
Denn unter dieses Joch wird man euch beugen."

Then came Attinghaussen's death-place, and Altdorf, where he shot the apple from his son's head. Above the monastery is the Bannwald of which Schiller speaks, where now, as then, no woodman's axe is ever heard, for now, as then, it protects Altdorf from the falling rocks.

Tell. Die Baüme sind gebannt, das ist die Wahrheit.
Siehst du die Firnen dort, die weissen Hörner
Die hoch bis in dem Himmel sich verlieren?
Walther. Das sind die Gletcher, die des Nachts so donnern
Und uns die Schlaglawine niedersenden.
Tell. So ist's, und die Lawine hatten langst
Den Flecken Altdorf unter ihrer Last
Verschüttet, wenn der Wald dort oben nicht
Als eine Landwehr sich dagegen stellte.

From Flüelen one may walk to Tell's Chapel by the Axenstrasse, a broad, level street, cut half-way up the mountain-side,

often piercing the oddly-twisted rocks. The chapel is said to have been originally built by the people of Uri, shortly after Tell's famous leap there from Gessler's boat, and in commemoration thereof.

"Ich kenn', es ist am Fuss des grossen Axen."

The present chapel, though picturesque, is plainly modern. Once a year the people assemble, and, in their gayly-decorated boats, listen to the Mass that is said there.

Further on is the Rütli,—

"Der Bergweg öffnet sich nur frisch mir an!
Den Fels erkenn' ich und das Kreuzlein drauf;
Wir sind am Ziel, hier ist das Rütli,"

—that meadow where the Swiss assembled and swore to free the country from Austrian oppression. Where three of them took the oath, the three springs burst forth, says tradition.

"These beautiful mountains," said I to Prudentia, when we had settled ourselves in the boat.

"The Three Graces," said she to me, indicating with her eyes three maidens of uncertain age, whose long-waisted forms and one-idea toilettes made each resemble the other like the proverbial pins on the same paper. English clergyman's daughters, we thought. Each laughed feebly at the feeble remarks of the other, and each hung on the other's words with an enthusiasm that was touching, as were their efforts to appear to be having a "perfectly glorious time." Only the mother had gotten beyond that. No wonder that she looked hopeless with such impossibles on her hands.

In front of us sat a loving couple whose elephantine caresses we quite enjoyed, thinking them to be poor German peasants, but when the man handed out the little green book of the Cook excursionists we mournfully turned our attention to the lake again.

There is one thing in Lucerne that can never have disappointed any one,—the Lion. The finest picture, the cleverest carving, gives but the slightest idea of the grandeur of that great lion, who, in the agony of death, still protects the lilies of France. Aside from the sentimental and the historical interest, the artistic impression of the bold relief in gray stone hidden in a grove of trees, is sublime.

The shops are full of carvings and casts, from one franc up to thirty. It seemed at first as if we would buy them all, but we finally contented ourselves with two modest five-franc affairs. Our next enthusiasm was for the beautiful handkerchiefs in the shop windows,—marvels of cobweb fineness and

delicate embroidery, and yet costing only two and three francs.

Next to the Lion and the handkerchiefs came the old Wasserthurm, which, when it was a light-house (lucerna), gave its name to the city. The bridges Longfellow had prepared us for. A bath taken in a sunken marble tub endeared the Mühlenbrücke to us more than the hour that we spent, at the risk of our necks, gazing upwards at the ghastly "Dance of Death" pictures.

In spite of the fact that grim Pilatus wielded his sword, a sure sign of foul weather, we waited on the quay for the boat that was to take us to the Rigi with some impatience. It was so late and I was so tired that I finally seated myself on a barrel. It was my duty to carry the sticks. Now that we were in the region of railroads, they seemed to excite as much curiosity as they would at home, and yet we did not dare to send them on to the steamer lest they, with their precious record

of our tramp, should be broken. Shortly after I had made myself comfortable, I noticed with pain that Prudentia was transfixing with her eye an inoffensive-looking woman. As usual, the victim of her glance finally succumbed, though at first she made a brave show of indifference. I had noticed her before, looking at our sticks in a friendly sort of a way, trying to read the names of the places that descended spirally from the top. My sympathies were all with her, and, though I did not know her crime, I ventured to remonstrate with Prudentia, who replied,—

"The impertinent creature was smiling at your patch. I do wish that you would not exhibit it so publicly;" and, in spite of my representations to the contrary, she insisted upon believing her version of the smile, and pooh-poohed my theory of a kindly interest in our travels. She has no faith in human nature,—not even in ourselves, that is, in myself.

Everybody pushed everybody else aside

in his eagerness to step from the boat to the car. We, who were well in the rear, took a savage delight in seeing them all shooed back to the luggage-room, and a still greater pleasure when we discovered that one of the most pushing had to pay ten francs extra for his luggage. One can carry only ten pounds free, and the charge for overweight must be enormous, for the ten-franc man had only two ordinary-sized valises. It was just sunset. Suddenly, as we ascended, the lovely lake burst upon us, reflecting the red and gold of the sky, surrounded by mountains, dark Pilatus the chief. As we rose higher, the mountains behind became gradually visible.

The hotel on the summit of Rigi-kulm is considered excellent, but, after paying twelve francs for a room that was as high as the price, we felt quite cold about its merits, a coldness that was increased the following morning by a wretched, uneatable, undrinkable breakfast.

We slept together under the two feather

beds for the first time since our tramp,—that is, I did, for Prudentia, with her habitual distrust, roused herself every two minutes to assure herself that it was not yet time to get up. Finally, she awoke me,—

"Sanguinelle, I am sure that it is long past daybreak."

"Nonsense," said I, "they awaken you with a bugle."

"Did you ask?" she persisted.

"No, I did not; but Baedeker says so," said I, impatiently, turning over so as more effectually to close the conversation.

But Prudentia had no intention of coming up the Rigi, like Mark Twain, to miss the sunrise. She threw open both shutters, and I was obliged to acknowledge that the darkness was not exactly Cimmerian. On the belvedere we could see one solitary man. Making a three-minute toilette, we hastened to join him, feeling like thieves as we stole down the seemingly unending stairs and through the quiet house.

"Sunrise is not for two hours yet,"

was his gruff acknowledgment of our presence. We knew this to be a generous exaggeration, but did not understand the reason for his evident bad temper. We were too wide awake now to think of going back; besides, we could see that daybreak was near at hand, for the stars were pale, and all around us rose the gray, spectral mountains. We had forgotten the Baedeker, and, as it had the Rigi panorama, it seemed worth the while to go back for it. I was just in time to hear the pretty bugle-call in the house. At its very first notes, all kinds of fantastically-dressed and undressed people sprang into life. When I came out, I understood our friend's gruffness, for there he stood, the *soi-disant* bugler, with a silver plate in his hands, upon which I hard-heartedly refused to put a contribution.

By the time that I reached the belvedere again, the whole place was alive. The ubiquitous souvenir-sellers were plying their trade with the persistence of later

hours. Soon the snow mountains next to Pilatus grew to rosiness, and we recognized them, with intense delight, as our old friends of the Berner-Oberland, the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, and the Finsteraarhorn. Further on were the mountains of the Blümlisalp, but we had not shaken hands with them, and felt, therefore, a more moderate pleasure in seeing them. Below us was a beautiful sea of mist, through which we could see gleams of Lucerne and other lakes which Baedeker helped us to place.

"Und unter den Fussen, ein nebliges Meer,
Erkennt er die Städte der Menschen nicht mehr;
Durch den Riss nur den Wolken
Erblickt er die Welt,
Tief unter den Wassern
Das grünende Feld."

The Zug boat was invaded by a school-picnic, led by a handsome priest and a picturesque, brown-cassocked monk, and chaperoned by a number of ladies, pre-

sumably teachers, who all had distinctly bad teeth, though *not* Americans. The children seemed very happy in a prim, quiet way, particularly when, in the intervals of their songs, the handsome priest came around. He had a kindly word for each, which they stood up to receive, sometimes quite a while before he reached them.

It was a day for schools. We had scarcely seated ourselves for lunch, in a dear little garden at Zug, before a half-dozen modest school-girls came in. After some conversation with the waitress, who plainly thought that they ought to come inside, where we could dimly see a sister and other girls eating, they sat down, each with a huge quart-mug of foaming beer. Almost before they had had time to raise it demurely to their lips, the sister inside, followed by her charges in single file, approached. They all rose respectfully, making, apparently, a satisfactory explanation, for she returned with the small army, and they sat down again to their

beer. After a few sips, a middle-aged man appeared, evidently an acquaintance, and, ordering a cup of coffee, sat down beside them. There was awful horror on the sister's face as she looked out and saw them talking bashfully with him, and, without waiting for the little army to follow her, she dashed out, this time compelling them to return with her. Very shamefaced they looked, as, carrying their gigantic mugs, they obediently followed her, leaving the man half angry, half amused, and ourselves very sorry, but very much amused. In our country, the beer would have been the offence and the man a palliation.

Baedeker does not put a star to Hôtel Schloss Laufen, but otherwise it seemed to us to be the best place to stop. It was just above the Falls, so that we could see the illumination that night, and by getting up a little early, visit the Falls by daylight, and yet take the morning train for Schaffhausen. It was late when we arrived; the guide-book gave their price as two francs a person

for the room, which a card of theirs confirmed, so that, for almost the first time, we did not ask for terms. Though we were there so short a time, the thermometer of our sentiments varied most erratically.

Cold.—While eating our supper, we were told that it was a twenty minutes' walk to see the illumination, which would take place in exactly twenty minutes,—a coincidence that gave us no time for fine work in the way of mastication. Escorted by a maid carrying a miserable lantern, we ran up hill and down, discovering that the twenty minutes was no exaggeration, as we had fondly hoped; but——

Hot.—A beautiful, illuminated castle above the Falls, we were astonished to find to be our hotel. Our host escorted me home, telling me of his trip to America to seek a fortune which he had not found there, and of the fortune that he had found at home in the shape of a wife, with the true German sentiment which I think

charming. The porter fell to Prudentia's lot, and though he was certainly a little touched, she forgave him because he admired her German effusively.

Freezing.—We asked the next morning for our bill, and found that we had been charged ten francs for the room. Feeling that, though we had been imposed upon and cheated,—for the first time, too,—we deserved it for going to an unstarred hotel in the first place, and not making a bargain in the second place, we shook its dust from our feet and departed.

The different points of view of the Falls in the grounds of Schloss Laufen are impressive on account of the immense mass of green, foaming water; but from Schlöschen Wörth, or even from the Schweizerhof, it is disappointing in spite of the volume, because of the lack of height. Our sympathies are all with those who think the Falls of Handegg finer, though I can understand that a longer and more intimate acquaintance might cause one to lose the

feeling of disappointment that the passing traveller feels.

Our only fellow-travellers on the road to Strassburg were two American gentlemen, travelling with Cook's tickets and hotel coupons, who, in a fever of anxiety, asked us if we could speak German. We told the conductor for them that they wished to stop off for the night at Triberg, and wondered why they did not go on, for they did not look like Black Forest Explorers. Their gratitude was profuse and their curiosity evident. They alluded to parties of teachers travelling in Europe, but our indifference was so profound that their suspicions were lulled. They plainly thought that we must be public characters of some kind, for soon they suggested insinuatingly that we could give a fine lecture with the contents of our Kodak.

IX.

WE reached Strassburg in time to get comfortably settled in our room, eat a good dinner, and take a stroll, which naturally led us in the direction of the great Cathedral. Twilight had already far advanced before we reached it, but, while the details were lost in the failing light, the solemn grandeur of the great Dom was augmented. On the morrow Sanguinelle kept her eyes wide open for storks and storks' nests. The storks, she deigned to enlighten me, are sacred to Strassburg, and did not desert the city even in the siege of 1870. Suddenly she espied a miserable specimen on top of a high chimney, and as a result of her enthusiasm my arm was disabled for the rest of the day.

The façade of the Cathedral is particu-

larly beautiful, with its innumerable sculptures and delicate tracery. In the interior is the famous clock, and here, before the hour of noon, waiting for the automatical wonder to begin, we encountered our American acquaintances of the day before. They explained that they had not come on the day we had met them, because the porter of their hotel had wickedly led them to believe that the train did not arrive until eight in the evening! But after all, they said, they were glad that they had stayed over, for they had had a most excellent dinner. They kindly explained the clock to us, having obtained their information from a guide, who, they innocently assured us, had tried both German and French on them to no avail. We naturally felt some uncertainty about the reliability of their knowledge, especially when one of them exclaimed, when the cock began to flap his wings,—

"Oh, look at the eagle!"

Three-fourths of the population of Strass-

burg are soldiers, and the remaining fourth Alsatian bows. I do not quote these figures from any statistical table; it is merely the impression that the population makes on a stranger. Also, it would seem that every soldier was somebody's superior officer, whom it was *de rigueur* to salute. The salutor in one street is the saluted in the next. Nor is salutation the affair of a second. The hand is raised to the cap, palm out, and remains rigidly placed there until the officer has passed.

There was a strong fascination for us in Baden, a beautiful place on the edge of the Black Forest, with long avenues shaded by magnificent old trees, and a general air of leisurely holiday-making. We found our breathless, tourist speed giving way to this indolent, pleasure-seeking pace, as we sauntered gently to the Trinkhalle and drank of the hot springs, the efficacy of whose waters was known even to the Romans. In the evening we listened to the concert in the Cursaal, and looked in

vain for the people of wealth and fashion. Since the closing of the gaming-tables, Baden has become a mere health-resort. It has the gently melancholy air of one who has seen better days. As if she said,—

"Oh, I am quite comfortable, thank you, but it is nothing like the style to which I have been accustomed!"

The Old Castle is a picturesque ruin near Baden, parts of which date from the third century. It was the residence of the Margrave until he built himself the New Castle on a hill to the north of the town. The story is that during the prevalence of a pestilence, one of the Margravines shut herself up in the highest tower, with her two children, allowing no one to enter, and no one even to approach the castle, except an old and trusted servant, who brought provisions which she raised by a string to her apartment. One night, as she was giving thanks for her preservation and praying for a continuance of favor, she saw a vision of the hot springs and of the lovely con-

vent of Lichtenthal, to which an angel pointed after indicating the sleeping children. The next day she ordered the springs to be opened until the streets should be full

of their steam. The pestilence was immediately stayed. Later, the daughter became the Abbess of Lichtenthal, and the son Bishop of Utrecht.

The view from the top of the tower is

extensive, stretching to a point even beyond Strassburg. In the foreground lies the beautiful valley of Baden, with its pretty villas in strong contrast to its sombre pine forests.

We walked from the Castle to the town. Sanguinelle said,—

"You keep to the road. I shall make some short cuts, and let us see where we will meet."

Sanguinelle's cardinal principle is, "Never take the beaten track—in anything." She always prescribes it for me, however. We did not meet. I woke the echoes of the wood with fruitless cries for Sanguinelle. While I was thus employed, she returned to the hotel, reported her loss, and started out anew. As I was entering the town, I met her, and I feel certain that my words aroused her to a fuller appreciation of the serious responsibility that she had assumed in carrying me through Europe. We visited the banker, and our strained relations were augmented by finding his doors

closed,—not to us personally, I hope that is understood. It is the custom here to take a siesta from twelve to three. Our good temper was restored by the dinner, and we regretfully left Baden with our faces turned Frankfortward.

I do not know what Frankfort thought had arrived within her gates that late afternoon. I only know that we created an immense sensation. The people were going in streams to the "Electrische Ausstellung," and we, with bag and alpenstocks, walked against the stream. We pushed on bravely to the hotel and found but one room vacant, for which an exorbitant price was demanded. We refused it, with the independence befitting perfectly wide-awake Americans, but we little knew what was in store for us. We knocked at two other hotels in the vicinity, and found them *besetzt*, in consequence of the aforesaid exposition. By this time a slight rain was falling, and the streets were growing deliciously muddy. We took a cab, and ended by being glad to

get a room at ten francs and going to bed thoroughly out of humor.

There are three things in Frankfort that no one can afford to miss,—the Römer, Goethe's house, and the Ariadneum. The first is attractive historically. The building itself is a beautiful Gothic structure, dating from the fifteenth century. It contains the *Wahlzimmer*, in which the German electors assembled to deliberate on the choice of an emperor, and the *Kaisersaal*, adorned with portraits of the emperors, in which the newly-chosen ruler dined with the electors and showed himself from the balcony to the people waiting on the Römersberg.

In Goethe's house we saw the room in which the poet was born, his library, his sleeping-room, the desk, placed at the window which commanded a view of the house of his first love, Gretchen, and on which he wrote his love-sonnets. The visitor can see, likewise, autograph letters and drawings, a lock of his hair, the cast of his hand, and numerous other relics. The guide in charge

of the house not only permitted us to take breath (a rare indulgence on the part of guides in general), but joined in our enthusiasm in the most cordial way, being evidently very proud of *Unser Dichter.*

Dannecker's Ariadne is one of the most magnificent works that mortal hand has ever produced to gladden mortal eye. It almost weakened our allegiance to the Venus de Milo. One must pass behind a curtain, and there, in a soft, rosy light, sits the beautiful nude figure of Ariadne on the back of the panther. It revolves slowly, showing first the majestic throat and bust, the slender limbs, the deliciously-poised head,—then the beautiful back, the tender pink soles of the feet. What a divinely beautiful thing is a woman's form! This is the thought that springs to your lips as you gaze at the Ariadne.

A quaint part of the town is the *Judengasse*, or Jews' Street, which, as late as 1806, was closed every evening and all day Sunday and holidays with lock and key,

and none of the inhabitants permitted to enter the city. Originally, the Rothschilds lived in this quarter.

It was Sunday afternoon when we arrived in Wiesbaden. The shops and churches were both open, and the worldly and devout formed two distinct streams. I proposed to Sanguinelle that we should go to church. She said yes, but she thought that she ought to have a pair of gloves, and she was really not able to find hers. Sanguinelle's only known use for gloves was to leave them under the table of a café, or in a cab as a tender little memento to the driver, or, if they really persisted in leaving town with her, she would tuck them away snugly in the railway-carriage. So, to make ourselves worthy of the devout throng, we were forced to join the heathen one and buy a pair of gloves, which Sanguinelle promptly left on the Rhine boat the next day.

Wiesbaden, as the rival of Baden-Baden, presents too much the aspect of a city, though the suburban excursions—notably

the Neroberg, with its dainty Greek Temple—are delightful. I suppose that the water might be worse, though to drink a glass of it and keep upon your lips the placid smile that played upon them before they touched the nauseating beverage requires fortitude of a high order.

A bath in a German house must be troublesome to prepare. A stove stands in the corner of the room, and in this the servant builds a great fire to heat the water. It heats, likewise, a great many other things. The room is about 250° Fahrenheit, and filled with the sound and odor of sizzling paint. You hate to lock the door and shut yourself up with that hot giant in the corner, and you keep your eye fixed on him to see that he does not send his fiery tongues in your direction while you take your bath. After a little, to draw your breath becomes difficult, and you feel that you must fly or die. Instantly (minus one-half minute sacrificed to the tyranny of conventionality), you unlock the door and flee.

We heard our neighbor in the hotel struggling with his German particles and trying to put enough words together to tell the patient *Dienstmädchen* that he wanted a bath at a certain hour. He was trying to be very grammatical, but he ended by being very profane.

"*Das Bad*," he said, "no, *der Bad oder die Bad*. Oh, it's damn Bad."

The only interesting part of the Rhine is from Bingen to Bonn, so that we had plenty of time to observe our fellow-passengers. A German and his wife were the centre of amazed interest to every one on board. They ate perpetual lunches, and yet seemed to be afflicted with perpetual hunger—and thirst. These lunches they had brought with them in mammoth paper bags, and as the contents of one were stowed away, its successor made its appearance from under the table.

In strong contrast to these were two young German pedestrians. We decided that they were students and poor, and that

the suit of one of them was certainly made by his mother. They ordered a bottle of beer, and used the greatest ingenuity in making it last, eating with it small rolls which they took from their pockets.

A German family, a mother with two painfully plain daughters, insisted upon airing their passable English in a conversation with me, and I anxiously, but in vain, sought an opportunity to try on them my equally passable *Deutsch*. They were going down the Rhine, like epicures, from town to town, and from castle to castle, often on foot. I inadvertently confessed that we had sailed down the Rhine from Mainz to Cologne two years ago, and were sailing from Mainz to Cologne again to-day, to the fury and discomfiture of Sanguinelle, who never ceased to deplore the lack of time which made this method imperative.

We thought that we knew Cologne, and reckoned that our hotel in Dom-Platz was very near. But the boat did not land us near the Dom-Platz, and after winding

through tortuous ways to reach the Dom, which all the time towered so close to us, apparently, we said, "Why is this thus?" Suddenly we remembered that we had been beguiled into taking our tickets from the Netherlands Company on our previous visit, which, of course, landed at a different pier. Our hotel was full, and the one to which the polite waiter escorted us is patronized by the English chiefly. Sanguinelle complained scornfully that the waiter insisted on talking English, translating the menu, advising her what to order, and trying his best, poor fellow, to make the English strangers feel at home. Well, we most emphatically do not want to feel at home. We want it borne in upon us every moment that we are on our travels.

The English and American traveller, as a rule, likes to fancy himself at home. He seeks on the menu the dishes to which he is accustomed, and he seeks on the streets for familiar faces, and only when he finds

one or the other is he happy. Particularly is his joy great when he meets Jones, whom he knew slightly at home. He takes him literally to his arms; he looks into his eyes with tender delight; he asks, "When did you come over, old boy?" and confides to him that "It's a deuced dull place, don't you know. Let's come around this way,—there is a place where they mix American drinks."

The mystery is,—Why cross the ocean to search for familiar faces, when too often the quest—like hope deferred—maketh the heart sick?

It is only the American who scorns to practise economy in his travels, and who insists upon being regarded with awe and admiration because his per diem expenses reach an absurdly high figure. German or French travellers would be more likely to boast of their economies, and every coin passing through their fingers brings its full equivalent. Unnecessary outlay means ignorance and mismanagement. All of

which was suggested by the colloquy of a German family near us, as to the smallest amount of coffee that they could order, with a reasonable hope of having a cup for each one for breakfast!

All our old affection for the Cathedral returned at the first glimpse of its lacy towers. Mine, indeed, had never wandered; but fickle Sanguinelle had had fleeting passions for others. Illuminated by the moonlight, as we saw it from our window, it would woo the most faithless soul back to his allegiance.

At the door of St. Ursula, we met again our American friends. The party was swollen by several additions, among them a priest. I am sure that this gentleman was unconscious of the amazement with which his friends regarded him.

"We are rejoiced to have met him. He has travelled this way before, and has helped us considerably," whispered one of them in my ear.

"You may not believe it, but he is one of

the brightest and best-read men that I ever encountered. I was never more surprised in my life!"

I say that occasionally, I believe, there is a *rara avis* among them who can read; but my sarcasm is lost on the retreating gentleman, who hurried away to catch the priest's account of the poor little virgins whose naked little bones decorate the ceiling and walls of the *Goldene Kammer*, in which we stood.

"He actually believes all these stories! It is wonderful, the credulity of these people!" came again, with a compassionate shake of the head.

We were likewise a source of surprise to the reverend gentleman himself.

"Even gentlemen have difficulty in getting along, especially in Germany."

We must have convinced him that we were sufficiently well equipped to get along in Germany or anywhere else, for the shadow passed from his face and he wished us a cordial good-by, expressing

a desire to meet us on our side of the Atlantic.

There are fine shops in Cologne, and at night the brightly-illuminated windows and gay crowds make a brilliant sight. A street-car ride around the new boulevards showed us the handsome modern town, though I cannot say that it was particularly interesting.

In each city the one commercial commodity of interest to Sanguinelle was postal cards. She made at once, on our arrival, for the nearest promising shop, and greeted the proprietor with a demand for postal cards with views on them. Having made her purchase, she went into temporary retirement, and only emerged therefrom when they had all left her hands. In Cologne she had several bad spells of this sort, and one attacked her at the station on seeing some specimens that she had not yet secured. Needless to say, she immediately bought them, and while she was writing in the waiting-room, that Brussels train meanly

sneaked off around the corner. This was unaccountable, — the German trains are usually so accommodating, and Sanguinelle was not really more than fifteen minutes writing her cards. I had seen it steal off, but reproved myself as sternly as she would have done for thinking that it was our train. I knew that I had a weakness for thinking that every train was our train— except the one that we were on! It was only when on rounding the last curve it gave a malicious little toot, as if trying to suppress a diabolical mirth at our discomfiture, that I took courage to go in to Sanguinelle, and say,—

"I think—I may be wrong, but I am afraid — that the train did not wait for us."

"Nonsense," she replied, putting her last card in the box; "let us go on board, though, to quiet your anxiety."

"Not until ten o'clock to-night," said the station-master.

Five hours to wait, and then to get our

first glimpse of Brussels at the uncanny hour of four in the morning!

We consulted each other in painfully polished tones as to what was to be done. These occasions developed in each of us a genius for politeness, rivalling Chesterfield himself.

We determined to employ the waiting hours in exploring Cologne anew, but we found it flat, stale, and unprofitable, even the Cathedral taking on the color of our chagrin and disappointment.

We were not by any means the only late travellers to Brussels. Seven women, to say nothing of the dog, were crowded in that *voiture pour dames.* Each glared at the other, and wondered why she had not taken an earlier train. Then all the hostile forces united in one great congregate scowl focussed on the possessor of the dog. The animal, not at all deterred by unsympathetic repulses, sought a warm corner for his nose in the lap of every one in the compartment, while his mistress, equally indifferent to our

displeasure, settled herself comfortably in her shawls, and sweetly went to sleep. Later, when we changed cars, we discovered that she was English, and the guard's questions elicited the fact that she was bound for Calais, the people with whom she was travelling being in the sleeper ahead.

"Yes, very much ahead," said the guard. "That section of the train goes on without delay. This only goes to Brussels."

There was an additional sum due to make her ticket good; but, as she said that she had not a pfennig, he shut the door, and we started. She gave expression to the most bitter reproaches for the people who had neglected her, but failed to enlighten her audience how she was related to them.

On our arrival in Brussels, two American ladies, who had been our companions on the journey, took compassion on her; the son of one of them, a manly young fellow, coming gallantly to her assistance in her struggle with her numerous boxes and

traps, and we saw them all going off together, Bruno following contentedly in the rear.

I could not feel for Brussels the enthusiasm that it inspires in others. It is a copy, an echo, a silhouette of Paris. It has no strong, unique, or personal characteristic. Undoubtedly the old buildings are beautiful and the new ones magnificent, but even the *Palais de Justice* becomes tiresome when the guide insists upon opening every room for your inspection, and waits expectantly for an enthusiastic expression of admiration. Of course, we admired it all collectively and in detail, but our list of French adjectives was not long enough to fit so many rooms without tiresome repetition. The lawyers, whom we saw in one of the court-rooms, aroused us to the greatest enthusiasm, they looked so handsome in their toga-like gowns, with collars of sheer, fine lawn.

Just as we entered, a perplexed gentleman was trying to make one of the guides,

whom he had succeeded in cornering, understand, in good, clear American, that he had lost his party, who were led by a courier in a white hat. The little guide, with a scared, troubled look, had replied in equally good and clear French that he did not understand. If monsieur would only be good enough to remember that he did not speak English, etc. To this the American replied,—

"A white cap, so—," making circles around his head, under the impression that it was now extremely lucid. Sanguinelle, appealed to, helped the conversation on both sides, and the gentleman learned that his party had left some time before. He did not know the next place on the programme for the day, and seemed really afraid to set foot outside. He had better return to the hotel in a cab, he thought, and wait until some one of the party came back to take him out. We suggested that the car at the door would take him to the Picture Gallery, where, doubtless, the party had

directed their steps, which led him to believe that we were residents. We told him that only eight hours had passed since our arrival in Brussels. We felt quite unhappy at leaving him,—it was so like taking the proverbial last straw from the sinking man.

Speaking of tramways, they are divided into first- and second-class places. The seats run transversely, and the row at the end, whose occupants sit with their backs to the horses, pay only half the regular fare. It was amusing to see the demand for these places. A lady with diamonds in her ears as large as the sou that she paid for her fare would crowd in between a workman and a cook, while the whole body of the car would be empty.

In the shops English is spoken almost universally, and even the baby shopkeeper knows one English word,—cheap. It is hurled at you incessantly, as if they knew that it would go to the right spot. One little shopkeeper was treated to a genuine surprise. She was showing her yards of

lace, and thrusting them upon us with her everlasting,—

"It is sheep, madame, so sheep!"

Sanguinelle said suddenly in her vehement way,—

"I do not want it."

"Mais," in her amazement relapsing into her mother tongue, "c'est très, très—sheep."

"I do not want it because it is *cheap*. Bring me something très, très cher." She therefore indulged in some lace extravagance for her mother, which I declared that that lady should attribute to pique rather than filial devotion.

They have ingenious little tricks for advertising their wares that make you distrust them. A handkerchief will be marked FIVE FRANCS, ninety-five centimes. If you stop to look, you are urged to enter. Taking the lace in your hands, you may say, "What a beautiful handkerchief for five francs!" and no one will enlighten you; but when you pay for the

little parcel your attention is called to the ninety-five centimes in the corner.

Since travellers have found out that "English Spoken" means "High Prices Here," some shopkeepers try to conceal their knowledge of English. We were endeavoring to buy a spoon,—for, alas! I had fallen a victim to the spoon mania, and, once embarked on the perilous voyage, there seemed no retreat. I had selected one not desirable at all, simply acceptable. The price was exorbitant. Up to this point, the conversation had been in French. Sanguinelle said to me,—

"I think it is too much."

These few words effected a complete revolution in the man behind the counter. He became absolutely awful with anger.

"You tink it too much, hey? How you like dis vun for vun franc, hey? You like him not, hey?"

We said, "Bon soir, mon ami," and after we got out some one besides Bob swore, I am afraid.

The interior of the Cathedral (Ste. Gudule) is more beautiful than the exterior, particularly the stained-glass windows of the Chapel of the Sacrament, and the pulpit, in marvellously-carved wood, the subject being the expulsion from Paradise. Among the foliage are carved all kinds of animals, conspicuous among them a monkey eating an apple. The eye is distracted from the beauties of the Cathedral by the multitude of incongruous and incomprehensible things that it encounters. At least, so they must appear to any but a devoutly simple soul. Against the walls of some of the side chapels are pinned waxen hands, feet, fingers, legs, babies, eyes, ears, left there, no doubt, as grateful offerings for prayers heard and infirmities cured. Conspicuous in the centre of the Cathedral is a figure of "Our Lady of Deliverance," clad in a magnificently-embroidered and trained robe of velvet and silk.

The Market-Place is a fine mediæval square, fronting on which are the Hôtel de

Ville, a noble building, and the ancient Guild Houses,—the Guild of Butchers indicated by a swan; the Hall of Carpenters adorned with gilding; the Hall of Archers with a group representing Romulus and Remus with the She-wolf, etc. It was in this square that Egmont and Horn were executed, passing their last night in the Halle au Pain, opposite the Hôtel de Ville, with which it was connected by a subterranean passage.

The Manikin back of the Hôtel de Ville was not dressed up in any of his gala costumes. He has eight, be it known, and a valet who is appointed by the government and receives a salary. These are insignificant honors in view of the fact that he was invested by Louis XV. with the cross of St. Louis.

The Weird, that is, the Wiertz Museum, is a collection of the works of that eccentric master, purchased by the government after his death (he would sell none of his pictures, except the few portraits that he was

induced to do, during his lifetime), together with the studio of the artist, in which they are now exhibited. Many of the pictures have been so arranged as artificially to heighten the weird effect. You look through a small aperture in the wall and find yourself the witness of a terrible scene,—a woman, famished with hunger, is cutting up the body of her child, a small foot and leg are already simmering in a pot over a few blazing logs. Through another eye-hole, a person buried alive has just burst his coffin-lid, and, raising himself on one elbow, shows the horror of his situation by his fallen jaws and protruding eyes. At another, you are startled to find yourself assisting at the toilet of a young girl, and step back, thinking that you have unwittingly intruded in a private apartment. In the picture called "The Things of the Present before the Man of the Future," a giant holds in his mammoth palm a cannon, flags, ribbons, stars, orders. These baubles he is examining with benevolent curiosity,

while his children look on smilingly at the strange toys. In the Expulsion from Paradise, the wings of the picture are, respectively, Eve, in whose figure and face one can see the first dawn of knowledge, and Satan, a magnificent figure, of more than earthly beauty, who might just as well be the Archangel Michael, but for the evil, death-dealing glance that darts from his terrible eyes. The largest, and esteemed the greatest, of his pictures, the "Contest for the Body of Patroclus," is painted in oils; but on the wall beside it is a detail, painted in the distemper which he invented, and which, though placed there to prove its superiority, fails to do so. It has a dull, rough surface, to which is due its greatest advantage—it does not reflect the light.

An inhospitable rain poured upon us on our arrival in Antwerp; so, taking a cab, we drove at once to the Museum, hoping that, after a few hours spent there, the storm would abate. Antwerp worships two heroes, Rubens and Quentin Matsys, and their mas-

terpieces are inshrined here. Rubens's *chef-d'œuvre*, Christ between the two Thieves (Le Coup de Lance), is a marvellous picture. No one can realize the truth of that oft-repeated saying, that it is impossible to know Rubens unless one has seen him here, until he stands before this picture. We looked at the Pietà of Quentin Matsys a long time as we recalled the story of the blacksmith who, to win his love, a painter's daughter, took up the brush and made himself one of the great of the earth.

Later, near the principal portal of the Cathedral, we saw the canopy of iron, erected to protect an old well, and executed by Matsys, the blacksmith, whom connubial love made a painter, as the inscription on his tombstone adjoining the entrance to the tower of the Cathedral tells us.

The Cathedral, with its beautiful tower of "Mechlin Lace," contains the great Descent from the Cross. The interesting, though not authentic, story is that it was

painted for a guild of arquebusiers, who contracted for a picture of St. Christopher, the Christ-bearer. Rubens treated the subject metaphorically: on one wing, Mary bearing Christ before his birth; on the other, the Presentation in the Temple; and then the central picture, the Bearing of the Dead Body from the Cross. The guild, however, refused to accept the picture, on the ground that there was no St. Christopher, and, disgusted with their stupidity, Rubens painted on the back of the wings a figure of the actual St. Christopher, an owl, and a hermit. Most of the figures are portraits, and, of course, his favorite models; his wives are prominent characters. The guide, whose kindly offices we declined, tried to arouse our curiosity by a voluble account, begun in stentorian tones, but ending in the merest of whispers, of which we caught only something about the "fat Mrs. Rubens and the *tin* Mrs. R."

In the Market-Place, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, is a bronze fountain sur-

mounted by a statue of Salvio Brabo, a hero, who cut off the hand of the giant Antigonus. According to the legend, this giant used to demand a heavy toll from vessels entering the harbor, cutting off and throwing into the river the hand of every one who refused to pay. Hence the name of the city, Antwerp, hand-werpen (werfen, to throw).

X.

THE chief recollections that we have kept of Holland are of windmills, some of them with gigantic arms sixty feet in length, flat pastures, water everywhere, and narrow canals enclosing fields and gardens, as fences and hedges do with us. We remarked, also, the clean, well-scrubbed appearance of everything, but we wished that the manners of the people had been as polished as—their windows, for example. They were absolutely the rudest people that we encountered. You would suppose that they had never set eyes on any but a Dutch face before. If you were bold enough to stop a moment to look at anything in the street that interested you, a knot of curious people gathered at your back. Yet we

were annoyed with guides, who addressed us always in English, commencing with a festive and familiar "Say!" In Rotterdam, Sanguinelle tried to take a picture of some tall, narrow old houses, very much out of the perpendicular, a circumstance not unusual, owing to the soft, yielding nature of the soil. At the first stage of the operation all the people in the vicinity stood still, and then began to make slowly towards us. I induced Sanguinelle to desist, and we walked away between a double line of heavy-eyed, open-mouthed Rotterdamers. But we did succeed in getting one or two views of some of the great canals that intersect the city, filled with large, heavy vessels, mostly from the East Indies. The communication between the different parts of the city is made by drawbridges, or the more curious swing-bridges.

In the Groote Markt is a bronze statue, erected to the illustrious Erasmus, and the house in which he was born, in a small thoroughfare leading from the Hoogstraat,

is indicated by a small statue and the inscription, "This is a small house, great because in it was born Erasmus."

Sanguinelle said,—

"We must see the Bompjes."

"Oh, yes, by all means," I replied, throwing into my voice and countenance an expression of eager longing, artfully intended to conceal the fact that I was "struck all of a heap" by the Bompjes. I prayed that kind chance would open my eyes to the true inwardness of these mysterious things before Sanguinelle discovered my ignorance.

Evidently she held them very dear, for, guide-book in hand, she searched for them industriously, until finally, turning a corner, she exclaimed, exultingly,—

"Yes, I was right. Here it is!"

Now, I looked up and down that street to seize upon any object that might fit in with a poor, weary brain's preconceived idea of a Bompjes, but I saw only a quay stretching along the bank of a river in which were anchored a number of heavy

vessels, and along which was planted a row of trees. I did not dare ask, after my assumption of knowing all about it, and the only phrase at all explanatory that she let drop was,—

"The trees give it its name."

On the road to the Hague we passed Schiedam, famous for its schnapps, and Delft, likewise famous for its pottery. A historical interest surrounds the Prisenhof in this city, as the scene of the assassination of William of Orange (the Silent). The

spot where the crime was committed is indicated by an inscription, and the mark left by the fatal bullet still pointed out.

On our arrival at the Hague, we took the car at the station for the Vieux Doelen, being attracted by its name and the reputation that Baedeker gives it of being an old-established house. It looked high-priced and American (afterwards we learned that it was one of the coupon hotels). The porter evidently regarded our use of the car as a sign of poverty instead of intelligence, and, consulting his list of rooms, he regretted that we had not written to engage rooms beforehand, as the season at the Hague was at its height. We begged him not to make himself seriously uneasy about that, as we could doubtless succeed in getting accommodations elsewhere. Thereupon he had one room to which he showed us, and for which we were to pay twelve francs.

"Table d'hôte will be served in a half-hour," he announced.

"We have already dined."

"You must dine very early," he remarked. We said,—

"It would be worth while stopping here, my friend, to get some valuable hints from you as to the correct way of travelling and the proper hour for dining, but we are not yet sufficiently chastened to accept these points in the proper spirit, and so we will go on to Scheveningen."

This little fishing-village is only about two miles from the Hague, and may be reached by the street-cars, which drive through a beautiful road shaded by magnificent trees. On the right, a magnificent park with numerous fine old oaks; on the left, handsome chateaus, one of them the property of the Grand Duchess of Weimar. No view of the sea is obtained until, passing through the village, the top of the lofty dunes is reached. We secured a delightful room at the Hôtel Garni, a large place with about two hundred rooms, the property of a company, for twenty thousand

visitors come to Scheveningen during the season. We could not congratulate ourselves enough on finding ourselves in this delightful spot, taking a walk on the smooth, firm sands, and later, from our window, seeing the moon making a long, silvery, shivering line of light on the water.

It is a beautiful place. The great fishing-boats (pinken), some of them large enough to cross to the shores of Scotland, were anchored on the sands. The next day was Sunday, and the little Dutch fisher-boys were disporting themselves after the manner

of small boys of every land. We took the picture of one of them leaning against his father's boat, and with a saucy grin on his face that took our hearts captive. The

quaint costume of the villagers and the click of their wooden shoes were a constant source of delight.

The beach was covered with a great number of strange-looking chairs, which, how-

ever, proved to be very comfortable. They protect one both from the sun and the strong breeze, and, though light, are firmly made and not easily overturned. Five cents en-

titles you to the use of one for an entire morning or the afternoon. Sanguinelle leaned her elbow on the little shelf provided for it and lost herself in a delicious day-dream. She would take a model of the delightful chair home, patent the idea, and introduce it into our own watering-places. A great company would be formed and she would grow wealthy. Here she stuck out the foot with the patch so conspicuously that I was compelled to say,—

"Sanguinelle, what *are* you thinking of?"

"Oh," she said, with a start, "I was thinking that I was rich."

"Well," I remarked, "a glance at your

foot will, no doubt, make you at least open to conviction on the subject."

The bathing at Scheveningen is done in a most decorous way. The bathing-machines are similar to those that we saw in use in Wales and England. The little sheds are drawn to the water's edge by horses, and the bather steps at once from his house to the concealment of the waves. But in

addition to this, at Scheveningen there is a place reserved for women, and no one, not even a woman, is allowed to linger there for an instant. Not observing the sign to that

effect, we stood for a few seconds, but were at once told by an officer to move on.

We returned to the Hague about noon, and went at once to the Gallery and sought out Rembrandt's School of Anatomy and Paul Potter's Bull. Engravings and photographs have made the first familiar to every one, but they do not prepare you for the effect of the great original. You can scarcely help listening for the words of the lecturer which must accompany the explanatory gesture of the left hand, and you look with the eagerness of a student at the exposed muscles and sinews of the arm of the corpse on the dissecting-table.

Paul Potter's Bull is a magnificent animal, and very naturally casts into the shade his companions in the picture,—a cow, a sheep, a lamb, a ram, and the shepherd himself. There are many other pictures of the Dutch school here, particularly Jan Steen's and Gerard Dow's.

The city itself is the handsomest in Holland. The streets are broad, the houses imposing, and the squares spacious and well kept. The Binnenhof is an irregular pile of buildings of mediæval origin, around which cluster most of the historical memories of the Hague.

Some of the signs are peculiar. For instance, a Turk's head means a drug-store. Almost all the notices are amusing, from the resemblance to the English. Thus, "Det huis is to huur" means "this house is to let."

In Amsterdam our hotel fronted on the Dam, an open square, the focus of the business-life of the city. Opposite was the Royal Palace, and on the other side the

handsome Exchange. During a week in August and September the Exchange is given over as a play-ground for the boys of the city. The story is that while some boys were playing here in 1600, they discovered a conspiracy of the Spaniards against Amsterdam, and ever since this privilege has been granted to the children of the citizens in commemoration of the service.

All the houses are built on a foundation of piles. The upper stratum of the natural soil is loose sand, and a firm foundation must be secured by driving piles into the firmer soil beneath. It is said that several times the city has been in danger from the ravages of the wood-worm.

The Schreyerstoren (criers' tower) dates from 1432, and received its name from the tears shed here by persons parting from their relatives and friends. We shed a few ourselves as we thought of these poor pilgrims starting on a sad and perilous journey over the yet unknown and mysterious ocean, and to a land holding out death in a

hundred ways,—disease, starvation, or the tomahawk of the savage,—over that ocean which we now cross so gayly to that land that we now call home.

Ryks Museum, the great store-house of pictures and art treasure, is closed on Monday. This was Monday, and Sanguinelle's face grew as long as a German word. To comfort her, I suggested that maybe a florin or two slipped into somebody's hand would let us in, just for a glance. We boarded a car, and the conductor, finding out our destination, told us generously that it was closed. We thanked him with a superior smile, and

insisted on going. He retreated to the back platform, and regarded us with a look that said plainly,—

"Women are queer ones. They don't know never where they want to go, and you can't help them, you know. You must just let them go until they drop off themselves."

We dropped off at the Ryks Museum and found not a hand into which to drop our florin, and we had to content ourselves with admiring the tasteful wrought-iron railing that incloses it. I think myself that it was a kind and discerning Providence that closed the door to us, for, glancing over the contents as described in the catalogue, I am convinced that we should still be there, instead of making joyful the bosoms of our respective families, as we are at present.

Amsterdam presents to the traveller a most unique and picturesque appearance. The wide and deep canals that intersect the city divide it into ninety islands, connected

by three hundred bridges. To prevent malaria, the water is constantly renewed by an arm of the North Sea Canal, while the

mud is removed by dredges. Most of the canals are planted with avenues of elms, and bordered with handsome rows of houses of Dutch brick. The only modern-looking thing that we saw—and that took away our breath—was on one of the little ferry-boats crossing a canal, painted in large letters,—

"HECKER'S BUCKWHEAT!"

We visited a diamond-cutting establishment, the city still being famous for this art, the knowledge of which for centuries

was confined to the Jews here and in Antwerp. We did not succeed in concealing one of the precious things, nor did they succeed in forcing us to buy. Later, at Antwerp, we made a small investment which forced the seller (he complained) to do without meat for a week, and which won us the compliment from a reputable dealer here of being the first ladies, to his knowledge, who had procured a *bona fide* bargain.

We made an excursion from Amsterdam to Zaandam, to see the hut of Peter the Great. The town itself is said to be

inhabited chiefly by millionaires, although the small houses surrounded by gardens are generally only a story or two high.

The landscape is enlivened by four hundred windmills! Another remarkable thing is that this small town covers an area equal in extent to the State of Pennsylvania! At least, I am convinced that we walked that much in looking for Peter's hut. We tried on the natives, without avail, every sort of language and every left-over piece of language that our tongues had ever lisped. At least, I did, for Sanguinelle had given up the quest in despair, and said that "she wasn't going to play." I left out the "hut," and "where," and such trifling words, and rung the changes on "Peter," "Peter der Groote," holding my hand a yard above my head. A dull stare was my only reward, and the figure escaped. "Peter der Grosse," I say, standing on tip-toe and opening my eyes wide, hoping to give the impression of bigness. No. 2, a small boy, yells and flees. Sanguinelle sarcastically inquires if I am under the impression that it was Peter's physical proportions that won him the title of Great. Without heeding her, I

tried "Pierre le Grand" on the next victim. He replied,—

"Met Vragen komt mon to Rome."

Now, this was enough to discourage one, particularly when Sanguinelle laughed anew at every fresh failure. However, my ambition was not so easily subdued, and I attacked the next comer, a tall and dignified gentleman, with "Peter der Groote."

After a moment's pause, he broke out with,—

"Ah, vous cherchez la petite maison de Pierre le Grand? Oui, oui, je vous la montrerai," but first would we not like to inspect his school?

Now here was a triumph, to be taken for a Frenchwoman! It is true that I had not addressed him in that language, and likewise that he spoke it falteringly himself; but still I felt gratified, especially when, after giving us an opportunity to admire his school, of which he was very proud, he conducted us gallantly to the hut of Peter the Great. It is a rude structure, consisting

of two rooms and a bed-closet, protected now by a roof supported by pillars of brick. Peter the Great occupied this hut while working as a ship-carpenter in the yard of a master-builder, with the view of learning the art and teaching it to his people. He assumed the dress of a workman and the name of Peter Michaelof, but he did not escape recognition, and was so pestered by the curiosity of his idle neighbors that in a few weeks he left his hut, returned to Amsterdam, and pursued his works in the ship-yards there. It was some satisfaction to know that the illustrious Peter made the same complaint against the Dutch that we have. In the interior a marble slab bearing the inscription, "Petro Magno—Alexander," is placed over the chimney-piece, commemorative of the visit of the Emperor Alexander in 1814. The means now taken to preserve the hut are by the orders of the Emperor of Russia.

The following day we returned to Antwerp, and hunted up our various parcels,

preparatory to going on board for the return voyage. This took but little time, for we

found that everything sent to our name had arrived. The company had but one name,—Sanguinelle's,—barbarous tongues not being able to master the delicate intricacies of mine. We thus had several hours to spare, with nothing in particular to fill them.

"And they might just as well have been spent in Ryks Museum," said Sanguinelle, bitterly, looking at me resentfully. I felt guilty, and offered no defence, for I had

insisted on coming back in time to look after the parcel from London, the box from Paris, and the trunks from Liverpool.

"And if they have not arrived, you propose to go to these various points to secure them. I see now how useful these few hours may be. Let us go, by all means."

We almost had strained relations again, Sanguinelle takes one up so short like. But we quickly forgot our momentary displeasure in the consideration of our common regret that at last it was all over and we must return. We were sorry. Sorry that our tramp was ended, and that we must break into a "measured pace and slow." Sorry to turn our backs on the unaccustomed and take up again the usual. Sorry to say good-by to Freedom and Variety and Pleasure, and all that family pronounced fascinating but dangerous, and turn to their sisters, Restraint and Monotony and Duty, pronounced slow but salutary. It was not the proper spirit, perhaps, but then this is a truthful chronicle.

APPENDIX.

Two questions, all-important to the traveller's comfort, we feel that we have successfully solved,—How shall one dress? What is the minimum to which luggage may be reduced consistent with comfort?

Imprimis, the costume.—A union suit of wool; a divided skirt, gathered into an elastic band below the knee; stockings; broad-soled, spring-heeled shoes; a soft felt or cloth walking-hat, with no feathers or flowers to become melancholy or bedraggled-looking; a dress of genuine Scotch cheviot, the skirt supported by a light cambric waist; a shirt of silk and one of wool; a three-quarters length coat of the style known as a reefer. No corsets, no petticoats. In the dark linen bag, our only

luggage after we left the steamer, were for each a gauze shirt and a cambric chemisette, for hot weather (which we did not encounter); four pairs of stockings (half of them silk and half of them wool); an extra union suit, two night-gowns, some handkerchiefs, toilet appliances, film for our camera, and, for emergencies, a bottle of cognac. In all the larger hotels there are immense drying-rooms, so that it is possible to give out washing at night and get it the next noon. I am sure that we were never uncomfortable. No one who has not suffered from it can imagine the nuisance and expense of a trunk abroad. In Switzerland, Italy, and Southern Germany, every pound of it has to be paid for, which often means a half added to the cost of the ticket. In Great Britain no check is given, and often one has to wait for the weighing and fee the weigher, even if there is nothing else to pay. We took mackintoshes and regretted it. A hood, attached to a short cape, such as our dowager and the London

policemen wore, is an equal protection and infinitely more portable.

We were plentifully supplied with pockets,—one for copper and nickel coins, another for the small silver, and a third deep one for everything else. It is an immense simplification of the fee nuisance to be able to lay one's hand on the proper coin. Fees, let me say in passing, we got down to a fine point. To guides (we had but one, by the way), drivers, and the like, we gave one-tenth of the regular charge additional. To the chambermaid, about ten cents, and to the waiter, if he had been very attentive,—he generally was,—about twenty cents, for a stay of a few days. The porter we did not often fee, for, since we had no luggage, there was nothing that he could do for us. He often tried, though, and many were the discarded gloves or rubbers that we were obliged to refuse. Fifty centimes, a sixpence, or a fifty-pfennig piece go a great way abroad, and it is astonishing to hear Americans, who fee at

home, and much more liberally than they *need* to in Europe, complain of the system.

The rule at restaurants is a sou for each franc, a penny for the shilling, and five pfennigs for the mark. But no one gives less than two sous, a penny, or a ten-pfennig piece, nor is the waiter apt to receive more than fifty centimes or pfennigs, or a sixpence. The foreign equivalent for two cents is the usual fee for small services, such as the handing of one's luggage to the cab. The drain on one's purse is constant, but it is also regular and just. I can remember giving no fee, however small, that was not deserved.

Our three months' trip, including every expense from the time that we left Philadelphia until we returned to it, cost three hundred and fifty dollars. It is possible to go for much less; indeed, we have done it ourselves. But I doubt if any one else could do the same thing in the same way for less. We were travelling constantly, visiting over fifty different places, and went

always to a hotel, never to a *pension*. The latter is cheaper, of course; but no number of dollars saved would make up to us for the wear and tear of being obliged to say "good-morning," at least, and generally going through with the conventional and meaningless chatter of the table when we did not feel in the mood for it.

Our morning coffee or chocolate and rolls with butter, honey, or jam, we ate in our own room. Lunch and dinner we took wherever we chose. Lunch was usually steak or omelettes, or some appetizing fancy dish, a fine vegetable and potatoes, and dessert or fruit. But when we were walking we found it impossible to take more than a sandwich and a glass of wine or beer. We avoided the dismal *table d'hôte* as much as we could, both because of the oppressive silence that it necessitated, watched as one is by all the other participants in that solemn function, and because we liked to choose what we would eat. But we always had a regular dinner,—soup, fish,

entrée, joint or game, vegetables, and desserts. Both for lunch and dinner we had a bottle of good wine, sometimes Johannisberger, sometimes Champagne, though oftener a good Bordeaux or Rhine wine. Except in Paris we never thought of drinking *vin ordinaire*. We are not wine-drinkers at home, but we had no desire to be made sick by our devotion to temperance principles, and the water is said to be bad. Certainly its taste is not reassuring, and the addition of a little sour wine does not make it any better.

In Paris we patronized the dinners *à prix fixe*, and found the better class of them to be as cheap as *table d'hôte*, or cheaper, and infinitely better, because more private (we always had to ourselves a particular table overlooking the gardens of the Palais Royal), because one was permitted to choose what one wished, and because, too, there was less restriction in regard to the hour. The Duval restaurants (*à la carte*) are very popular on account of their supposed

cheapness, their pretty waitresses, with neat white caps and aprons over a black dress, and because it is a recognized fact that unattended ladies may safely venture in. They are not really cheap, however, for they serve always a small portion, barely sufficient for one.

It is generally possible to get a good room, in any of the good hotels *not* frequented by coupon-holders and the American public generally, for about two and a half francs a night each person. But it is necessary to *ask* for it, otherwise you will be given the six-franc apartment that even the most unpretentious inn has in store for the unwary. When we intended stopping in a place more than a day or two, we wrote on for terms to two or more hotels which, according to Baedeker, seemed to suit our purse and tastes, and even when we stayed but the night we regretted it on the few occasions that we did not ask the price beforehand. On the mountains, of course, it was not possible to get a room with a

view for much less than five or six francs apiece, but then it was always worth it.

Our passage, first cabin, of course, going on the "City of Berlin" and returning by the Red Star Line, was one hundred and four dollars and fifty cents. The fees amounted to about five dollars more. Our travelling expenses were over eighty dollars, and would have been much greater had we not taken advantage of the cheap circular-tickets whenever they suited our plans, which was not very often, after all, and we were not travelling to save money exactly. It would have cost us much more, too, if we had ridden and taken guides, but we did neither. Our living expenses were about two dollars a day, and the rest went for guide-books, theatre, 'bus fares, cabs, fess, and postage.

Our itinerary is about as follows, though we did not stay so long in either London or Paris, for we had been there before, nor did we stop a second time at some of the German cities mentioned :

Queenstown, up the river Lee to Blackrock, thence by rail to Cork, one day. Cork, one day. Ride from Bandon, *via* Bantry, to Glengariff, one day, and at least a day should be spent there. The drive to Killarney takes another day, and at least two days should be given to the lakes. There is a night express to Dublin, and sleepers are moderate in price in Great Britain. Dublin and its excursions, two days. Night boat to Holyhead. Morning train to Chester through Northern Wales, a region so beautiful that only those who are pressed for time can resist the temptation to stop, at least, at Conway. Chester the rest of the day. Stratford, one day. The walk from Stratford, visiting Charlcote on the way, about twelve miles, to Warwick, one day. Warwick, and the five-mile walk to Kenilworth, one day. Kenilworth, and to Oxford, one day. Oxford, at least two days. London, two weeks. To Canterbury, including the stay there, one day. To Paris, including a few hours at Amiens, one

day. Paris, not less than three weeks. The evening train from Paris reaches Geneva the next morning, and that day is enough for that city. The Sallanches route to Chamouni which we took is not worth the while, if one has the time to go to Martigny and walk over the Col de Balme, two days. It is the excursions that make Chamouni interesting. We stayed there three days, returning to it from each trip; but another time we would visit the Glacier des Bossons in the morning, ascend Montanvert in the afternoon, and remain there for the night. Next day, cross the Mer de Glace, descend the Mauvais Pas to the Chapeau, ascend the Flégère, and there spend the night. The next day, descend and walk to the Tête Noire to spend the night. Return to Chatelard, and follow the Salvan road to Vernayaz, one day. Steamer, stopping sufficiently long at Chillon and Vevay, to Lausanne, one day. To Freiburg, including a short stay, and to Bern, one day. Bern, one day. Interlaken and its excursions,

including Giessbach, three days. Lauterbrunnen and Mürren, one day. Walk to the Wengern Alp, one day. Walk to Grindelwald, visit to its glaciers, and a part of the walk to Meyringen, one day. Walk to the Rosenlaui Glacier, Reichenbach Falls, to Meyringen, one day. Walk to the Grimsel, one day. Walk to the Rhone Glacier, over the Furka, Andermatt, to Göschenen, one day. Train to Flüelen, walk on the Axenstrasse to Tellsplatte, and Rütli, boat to Lucerne, one day. Lucerne, one day; ascend the Rigi that evening. Zug and Zurich, one day. Falls of the Rhine, and to Strassburg, one day. Strassburg, one day. Baden and Heidelberg, a day each. Frankfort, two days. Wiesbaden, a day. One can go down the Rhine in a single day, and have time to see Cologne, after a fashion, by taking the train to Bingen, the boat to Bonn, and the train to Cologne. It is a waste of time to go by boat more than from Bingen to Bonn, but, of course, a walking trip between these points is the

only thing that will leave one with any more than a hazy remembrance of vineyards, castles, and hills. Brussels, three days. Antwerp, one day, and Rotterdam, the Hague, Scheveningen, and Amsterdam, the same.

If one has the strength of mind to omit Bern, he can go from Martigny to Visp and Zermatt, thence over the Gemmi to Interlaken, ascending the Niesen *en route*.

For two hundred dollars one can spend a profitable two months abroad, using the same steamers:

Round-trip ticket	$104 50
Fees and chairs	6 00
Hotel bills (35 days on land) . .	70 00
Second-class travel	20 00
Total	$200 50

Liverpool to Chester, Stratford, Kenilworth, and Warwick; Woodstock (Blenheim), one day each. Oxford, two days. London, ten days. To Paris, stopping at Rouen, one day. Paris, thirteen days.

Brussels, two days. Antwerp, one day. Third-class tickets would save one only about five dollars. A four-days' trip through Holland (Rotterdam, the Hague, Scheveningen, Amsterdam, and return to Antwerp) costs about five dollars for the railway fare. One may land at Queenstown, go up the river Lee to Blackrock, thence to Cork, thence by coach to Glengariff, to Dublin, Holyhead, Conway, to Chester, with a week more time. The travelling expenses come to about eleven dollars more. British hotels are more expensive than those on the Continent.

For about two hundred and twenty-five dollars one may take a six weeks' to two months' trip to Scotland and England:

"City of Rome" to Glasgow . .	$120 00
Fees and keeping luggage . . .	6 00
Railway tickets	30 00
Hotel bills	67 00
Total	$223 00

But by walking and third-class fares one

may save from eight to ten dollars. The fare on the smaller steamers of the same line is ten dollars less, and there *is* a line landing at the same place whose rates are fifty-five dollars less for the round trip!

Glasgow to Keswick, one day. Keswick to Grasmere (beautiful walk), Ambleside, Windermere, and to Chester, one week. Stratford, Warwick, etc., as before. London to York, one day. Edinboro' (including Melrose), three days. Through the Trosachs to Glasgow, two days.

For about one dollar and eighty cents one may go from Glasgow to Ayr (Burns's country) and return. Glasgow to Oban and return, cost about five dollars, one day. Oban to Staffa and Iona and return, one day, about four dollars and twenty-five cents. Oban to Glencoe and return, one day, about the same cost. Oban to Inverness, *via* the Caledonian Canal, one day (better two), two dollars and twenty-five cents. Inverness to Edinboro', five dollars. One

may land at Londonderry, too, and, with three days' extra time, visit the Causeway, Belfast to Glasgow, eight dollars.

A tour through Germany and Austria costs about fifty dollars, and takes about sixty days on land,—which makes a three months' trip cost only about three hundred dollars. The small German inns are exquisitely clean and extremely low-priced.

Hamburg, two days. Berlin and Potsdam, five days. Leipzig, two days. Dresden, three days. Walk through Saxon Switzerland, three days. Prague, two days. Vienna, ten days. Walking tour *via* Salzburg, through the Austrian Tyrol, a week. Munich, three days. Nuremberg, two days. Heidelberg, one day. Darmstadt and Frankfort, three days. Wiesbaden, one day. Down the Rhine, two days. Cologne, one day. Brussels, three days. Paris, ten days. The German lines stop at Havre and Southampton. To go to London and return costs from twelve to seventeen dol-

lars additional. Going from Dresden to Baireuth, and thence to Nuremberg, makes the travelling expenses about twenty-five dollars less.

THE END.

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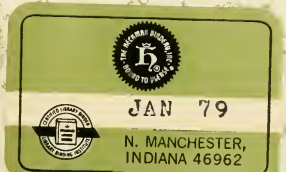
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